

No. 9



BATMAN

FEB.
MARCH

10¢



C'mon—
BOYS-GIRLS
MEN-WOMEN **PICK YOUR PRIZE**

THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 30 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10¢ each. Return the \$3.00 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.**

**Real Live CANARY**

BOTH GIVEN

GUITAR AND MANDOLIN

The advertisement features a large, detailed illustration of a guitar and a mandolin crossed in an 'X' shape. The guitar is on the left, and the mandolin is on the right. The background is a light, textured surface. The text 'BOTH GIVEN' is prominently displayed at the top in a bold, serif font. Below the instruments, the words 'GUITAR AND MANDOLIN' are written in a smaller, sans-serif font. The overall style is reminiscent of mid-20th-century advertising.



38, for best
letter writing,
on this ma-
chine. Simply dispose of only one or-
der of Garden Spot Needs at 10¢ a pt.,
and Typewriter is yours.



RADIO
Pocket Size
Needs no
batteries or
electrical
equipment
Sell only
1 w. 20
ph. 1000



Set of 4 Knives & Forks, Teaspoon, Butter Knife and Sugar Shell. GIVE KN for selling only 3 phts. or more at 3 phts. a pht.



Sparkling caramelized ivory corn. You're the
disposing of only two orders of Gar-
den Spot Seeds. **WRITE TODAY.**



This beautiful Set Given for selling only 1 order of No. 2. Sent Express Collect.



**CANDID-TYPE
CAMERA**



re let Given for selling
y 30 phia. of Goods at 100
kt. WRITE TODAY.



**Crinkled
BED
SPREAD**

Attractive Colors

The crinkled stripes
are neatly woven
in contrasting
stripes. Size 82x90.
Simply dispose
of only 1 order.



Handsome Gold, highly polished. POSITIVELY NOT A TOY. Tad
Send no money. GIVEN for nothing only 4 orders. MAIL US
THE COUPON TODAY. BE FIRST. 30



1. Rubber Valve Type.
For selling only
one of 10 sets each.



Suitable for Dad or Son

This set is complete and practical, as shown. Given for selling just only one 30 phi. order of Garden Spot Seeds at 30 etc. each. WHITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.

SATMAY No. 2, For MAY, 1942, published bi-monthly by Detective Comics, Inc., 490 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. F. W. Klinehorst, Editor.
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 Characters and incidents portrayed in this publication are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is
 intended or should be inferred.

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

HERE IS A TALE OF MYSTERY AS OLD AS MAN IS OLD. A TALE, ALSO, OF FOUR SKEPTICAL, BIG-TIME RACKETEERS WHO FIND BLASTING GUNS HELPLESS AGAINST THE BLACK, RELENTLESS FORCES OF THE UNKNOWN! MIGHTY BATMAN AND ROBIN--BATTLING THIS SAME VICIOUS CRIME BAND--COME UPON THINGS AND HAPPENINGS THAT EVEN THEY ARE UNABLE TO EXPLAIN. MERELY COINCIDENCES? PERHAPS--WHO CAN REALLY TELL? CAN YOU RIP AWAY THE VEIL OF MYSTERY THAT SHROUDS THESE INEXPLICABLE EVENTS--AND SOLVE THE BAFFLING RIDDLE OF --- THE FOUR FATES!



TONIGHT
WE BRING
YOU "PERSONALITIES"
AT HOME!

WASH UP YOUR
DISHES LATER.
"NOM." YOUR
FAVORITE RADIO
PROGRAM IS ON
AGAIN TONIGHT!

THE SAGER EARS OF MILLIONS LISTEN TO THE BROADCAST--



TONIGHT WE ENTER ANOTHER HOME TO INTERVIEW ANOTHER INTERESTING PERSONALITY!

BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON, ARE AMONG THE LISTENING AUDIENCE--



ISN'T HE THE FELLOW I READ ABOUT RECENTLY-- WEARS A GIANT RUBY IN HIS TURBAN!

THAT'S RIGHT! A RUBY WORTH A KING'S RANSOM!

A SWITCH IS THROWN--AND THE MAGIC OF RADIO TRANSMITS THE ANNOUNCER'S VOICE TO MILLIONS--



JAFFER, THE RADIO AUDIENCE IS WAITING TO HEAR YOU SPEAK!

AT THAT VERY INSTANT, FOUR FURSTIVE FIGURES EASE THEMSELVES INTO THE JAFFER MANSION--



BUT THIS JOB IS WORTH DON'-- THAT RUBY WE READ ABOUT MUST BE WORTH A MINT!

A LIGHT IN ANOTHER PART OF THE HOUSE! JAFFER MUST BE SITTING UP READING!

THE THUGS PUSH OPEN A DOOR AND GET THE SHOCK OF THEIR LIVES!



STICK 'EM UP, JAFFER OR-- HOLY SMOKE! HE'S ON THE AIR!

LADIES AND-- I--WHO?



LIFT THAT ROCK, AND LET'S SCRAM!

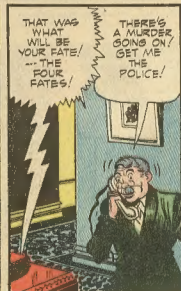
THAT'S LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

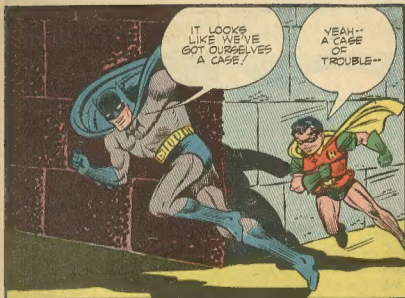


YOU--YOU FOOL! YOU'VE STOLEN MY LIFE FROM ME! UPON YOU I CAST THE TERRIBLE CURSE OF THE FOUR FATES!

THE CURSE OF THE FOUR FATES! OUTSIDE, THE VERY SKY ITSELF SEEMS ACCURSED--SEEMS TO FROWN AND GROAN AS THE DREAD WORDS ARE SPOKEN!







MINUTES LATER--THE JAFFER MANSION--

YOU'RE TOO LATE, BATMAN--THEY'RE GONE--- WE KNOW WHO THEY ARE, THOUGH!

RECOGNIZED THEIR VOICES ON THE RADIO, SO WE BROUGHT ALONG ROGUES' GALLERY PICTURES, AND THE RADIO MEN IDENTIFIED THEM--THEY WON'T GET FAR NOW!



A MAN-HUNT IS UNLEASHED/ FROM COAST TO COAST SOUND THE CEASELESS POLICE ALARMS!

ATTENTION--BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR MOUSEY MEGGS ---LOGAN---



AND THE MISSING KILLERS---

BE ON THE LOOK-- ---CHICK!

THEM COPPERS ARE ANXIOUS TO GET US. WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED TO LIFT THAT RUBY!

I CAN'T GET THAT GUY'S WORDS OUT OF MY MIND-- REMEMBER THAT CURSE?



YOU AIN'T TAKING THAT STUFF SERIOUSLY!

HE SAID METAL WOULD KILL ME, BUT DO YOU SEE ME WORRYIN'?

SAID WATER WOULD BE MY DOWN-FALL! HA! I SWIM LIKE A FISH!

NOT ME!



BUT THE RELENTLESS FATES ARE ALREADY ON THE MARCH ---IN THE PERSONS OF BATMAN AND ROBIN ---

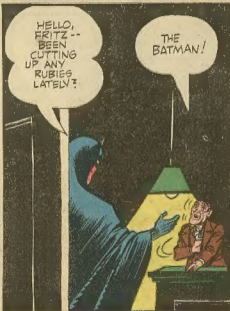
YOU THINK BECAUSE OF ITS NOTORIETY, THE RUBY CAN'T BE SOLD WHOLE-- BUT CUT UP?

RIGHT! AND ONLY BY A FENCE CAPABLE OF CUTTING THAT GEM WITH A MINIMUM OF WASTE! ONLY ONE MAN CAN DO THAT-- FRITZ THE FENCE!

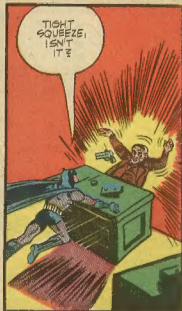


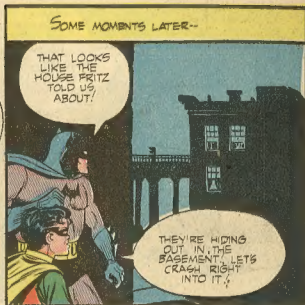
HELLO, FRITZ-- BEEN CUTTING UP ANY RUBIES LATELY?

THE BATMAN!

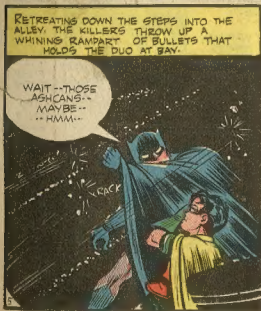


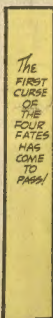
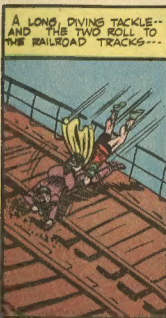
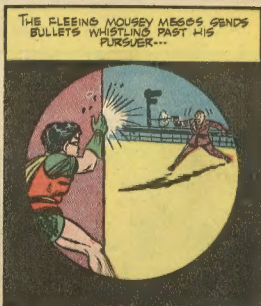
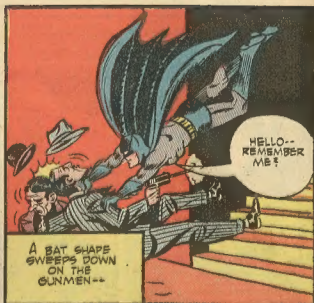
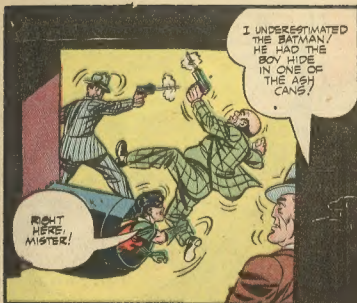
TIGHT SQUEEZE, ISN'T IT?





TWO SLAMMING BODIES RIP A ROTTED DOOR FROM ITS HINGES--AND ARE GREETED BY BLASTING GUNFIRE--





MEANWHILE, THE BATMAN HAS A MAN-SIZED FIGHT ON HIS HANDS, AS THE ESCAPED THUGS BATTLE DESPERATELY! SUDDENLY--A GUN CRASHES---



A SMART GUY THAT AINT SO SMART ANYMORE!

AND NOW ITS OUR TURN TO GET OUT BEFORE THE COPS COME IN!

THIS GUY WILL KEEP... FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!



THE BATMAN DEAD? NOT QUITE, FOR THAT BULLET HAS ONLY CREASED HIS SCALP--AND SO--MOMENTS LATER--



ROBIN TELLS OF MOUSEY'S UNTIMELY DEATH---

SO--MOUSEY DIED JUST AS JAFFER SAID HE WOULD. I WONDER IF... BUT OF COURSE THERE'S NOTHING TO IT!



NEW DAY.

MOUSEY DEAD! THE MYSTIC, REMEMBER?

YEAH--HOW LIGHTNING WAS GONNA GET HIM!

IT--IT'S JUST COINCIDENCE--IT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO ANYBODY--



YEAH! BUT IT DIDN'T HAPPEN TO ANYBODY--IT HAPPENED TO MOUSEY!

AW, WE'RE MAKING A LOT OF FUSS OVER NOTHIN'--AIN'T IT SO, BRAINS?

SURE--SURE WE'RE JUST LETTING THIS GO TO OUR HEADS!



MEANWHILE--BATMAN AND ROBIN SCOUR THEIR FILE FOR A POSSIBLE CLUE TO THE MISSING MURDERERS.

NOTHING HERE--NOTHING! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, GET SOME MUSIC ON THE RADIO TO EASE MY ACHING BRAINS!

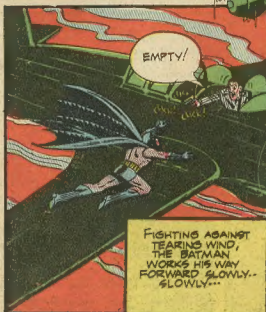
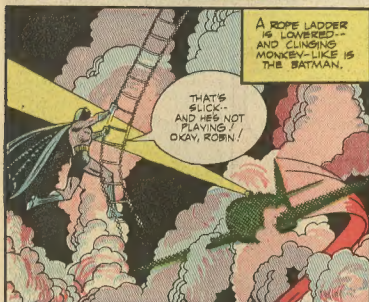
OKAY!



...THE MISSING SLICK DANIELS SEEN LURKING ABOUT THE EASTERN AIRPORT!

HOLY, SMOKE! HE'S OUT TRYING TO STEAL A PLANE TO GET ACROSS THE STATE--ROLL OUT THE BATPLANE!





BUT SLICK LIVES UP TO HIS NAME! HIS HAND SNAKES OUT--A FIRE EXTINGUISHER EXTINGUISHES THE FIERY BATMAN--



WRECKING THE CONTROLS, AND LEAVING THE DAZED BATMAN IN THE PLUMMETING PLANE, SLICK JUMPS! FAR BELOW, HIS PARACHUTE BILLOWS OPEN---



BUT EVEN AS THE HELPLESS PLANE PLUNGES DOWNWARD, THE BATPLANE MATCHES ITS BREATHLESS DROP--AS THE BATMAN RECOVERS!



THE POPE LADDER! GRAB IT!

ROBIN! GOOD BOY!



A LEAP FOR LIFE!



WHERE'S SLICK?

DOWN BELOW! HE'S NOT GOING TO GET AWAY IF I CAN HELP IT!

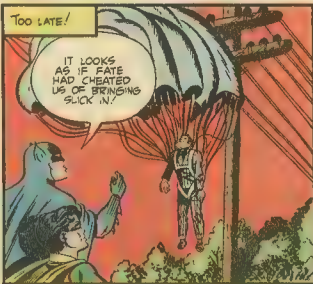
THE BATPLANE LANDS---BUT SLICK--

LOOK! HIS PARACHUTE LINES HAVE ROLLED ON THE TELEPHONE WIRES AND ARE TANGLED 'ROUND HIS NECK!

IF WE DON'T CUT HIM DOWN IN TIME, HE'LL STRANGLE TO DEATH!

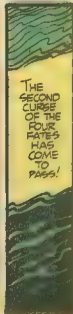
TOO LATE!

IT LOOKS AS IF FATE HAD CHEATED US OF BRINGING SLICK IN!



"AIR WILL BE CHOKED FROM YOUR LUNGS!"

THE SECOND CURSE OF THE FOUR FATES HAS COME TO PASS!



NEWS OF SLICK'S DEATH REACHES THE BARS OF A CERTAIN DUO IN A CERTAIN HOTEL ROOM---

--FOUND AS PREDICTED BY JAFFEER--STRANDED!

I'M AFRAID TWO OF US HAVE ALREADY DIED--JUST AS JAFFEER PREDICTED! WE'RE NEXT ON THE LIST!



NOT ME! I'D LIKE TO SEE ANY BULLET MADE THAT CAN GO THROUGH MY BULLET-PROOF VEST!

WATER IS TO CAUSE MY DOWNFALL. I SWIM LIKE A FISH BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES! I'M GOING TO A PLACE WHERE THERE IS NO WATER--THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.

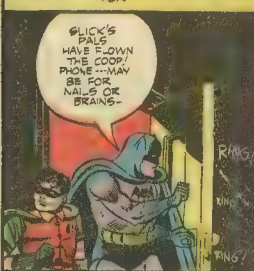


IT WASN'T FATE THAT GOT MOUSEY AND SLICK. IT WAS THE BATMAN! KILL THE BATMAN AND YOU KILL THIS FATE!--THIS HOTEL KEY--THE BATMAN WILL TRACE IT TO SLICK'S HOTEL ROOM--WHA--



NAIS LEAVES--AND NOT TOO SOON--FOR---

SLICK'S PAIS HAVE FLOWN THE COOP! PHONE--MAY BE FOR NAIS OR BRAINS--



HYA, BATMAN! THIS S NAIS LOBAN. IF YOU WANT ME--COME AND FIND ME--HAW! HAW!

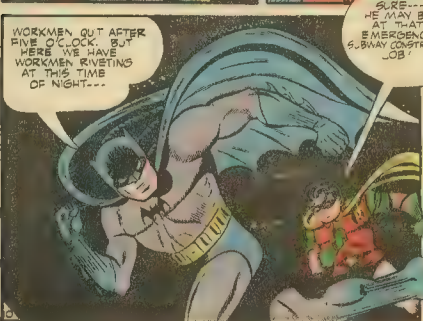


LOBAN SAYS HIMSELF AWAY! I HEARD THE SOUND OF RIVETING WHILE HE WAS TALKING!

RIVETING? WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?



WORKMEN OUT AFTER FIVE O'CLOCK. BUT HERE WE HAVE WORKMEN RIVETING AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT---



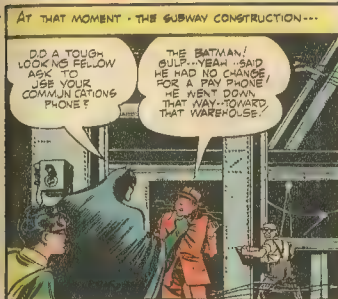
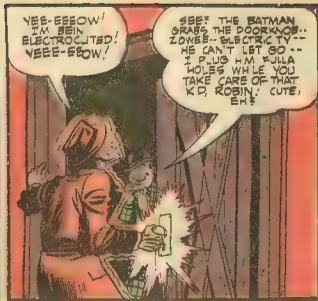
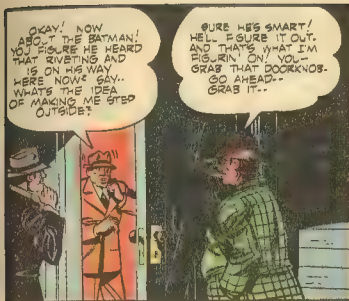
SURE--- HE MAY BE AT THAT EMERGENCY SUBWAY CONSTRUCTION JOB!

AT A DISTANT WAREHOUSE---

SO THE BULLET-PROOF VEST IS GOING TO HELP YOU! THAT DON'T SHOW YOU'RE SO TOUGH!

YEAH! ONCE I WAS N A GANG WAR, THE PRISON DOCTOR HAD TO TAKE FOUR BULLETS OUT OF MY BODY--THAT OUGHTA SHOW HOW TOUGH I AM!





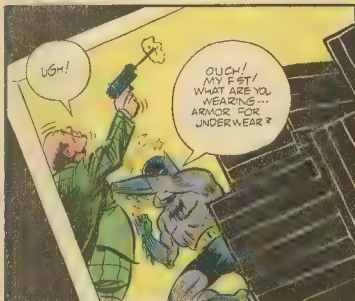
SNATCHING UP A HUGE STEEL BAR THE BATMAN HURLS IT AT THE CHARGED KNOB--



THE KNOB SHORT-CIRCUITED, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN SMASH IN ON NAILS LOGAN!



REALLY, NAILS, YOU NEEDN'T HAVE GONE TO ALL THAT TROUBLE TO GIVE ME A SPARKING RECEPTION!



UGH!

OUCH! MY FET! WHAT ARE YOU WEARING... ARMOR FOR UNDERWEAR?

* NAILS DROPS LIKE A STONE!

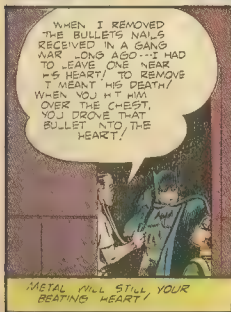


AAAASH!

LATER--THE PRISON HOSPITAL--

THIS MAN IS DEAD! HE'S BEEN SHOT!

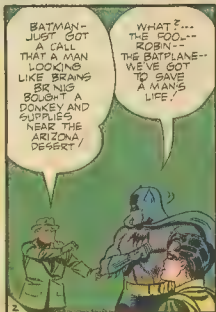
BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I ONLY HIT HIM OVER THE HEART!



WHEN I REMOVED THE BULLETS NAILS RECEIVED IN A GANG WAR LONG AGO--I HAD TO LEAVE ONE NEAR HIS HEART! TO REMOVE IT MEANT HIS DEATH! WHEN YOU HIT HIM OVER THE CHEST, YOU DROVE THAT BULLET INTO THE HEART!

METAL WILL STILL YOUR BEATING HEART!

The THIRD CURSE OF THE FOUR FATES HAS COME TO PASS!



BATMAN--JUST GOT A CALL THAT A MAN LOOKING LIKE BRANS BR NIS BOUGHT A DONKEY AND SUPPLIES NEAR THE ARIZONA DESERT

WHAT?... THE FOO-- THE ROBIN-- THE BATPLANE-- WE'VE GOT TO SAVE A MAN'S LIFE!

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT!

HA! HA! I'LL BEAT FATE! SO WATER IS TO BE MY DOWN-FALL, IS IT? I WON'T DROWN IN THE DESERT! HA! HA!



MEANWHILE, A SLEEK, BAT-SHAPED PLANE
STREAKS THROUGH THE SKY IN A RACE
AGAINST FATE!

I HOPE
WE'RE NOT
TOO LATE
TO SAVE
HIM!

TIME TICKS BY! AND TO QUENCH
HIS THIRST FROM RAVAGES OF THE
MOLTEN SUN--BRAINS RAISES HIS
CANTEN--

EMPTY!
NO WATER!
I FORGOT
TO FILL IT
WITH WATER!

SUN--BLAZING
HOT--MUST KEEP
GOING--GOT TO
BEAT FATE--
CAN'T STOP
NOW!

HEE...HEE...
I'LL BEAT FATE
YET--WATER WON'T
BE MY DOWNFALL--
HEE...HEE...
I WON'T DROWN--
A MAN CAN'T
DROWN--

IN THE
DESERT--
I'LL BEAT
FATE YET--
AAAAAHHH!

WATER CAUSED
BRAINS' DEATH--
AFTER ALL-- BUT
NOT THE WAY
HE EXPECTED--
IT WAS LACK
OF WATER
THAT GOT BRAINS
BRING!

THE FOUR
OF THEM
DEAD--
JUST AS
JAFEEB
PREDICTED!
I CAN'T
FIGURE
IT OUT!

MAYBE
IT'S JUST
SOMETHING
WE CAN'T
EXPLAIN--
A MYSTERY
EVEN WE
COULDN'T
SOLVE!

THE
FINAL
CURSE
OF THE
FOUR
FATES
HAS
COME
TO
PASS!

ROBIN--
LOOK!

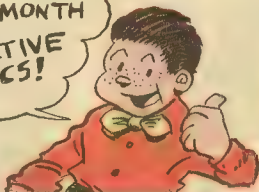
'WATER WILL BE YOUR
DOWNFALL!'

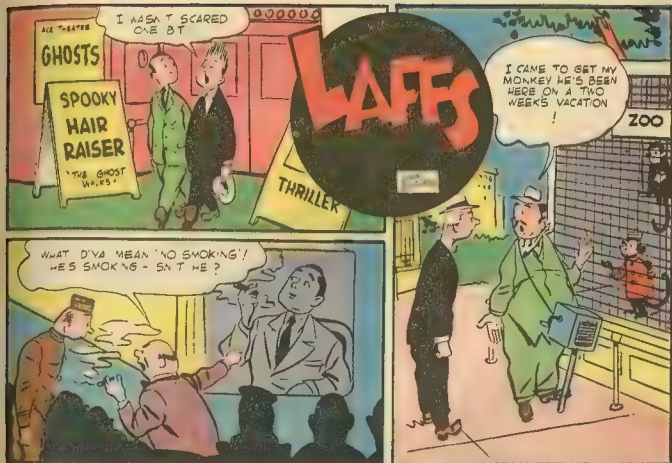


SO YOU WANT MORE?

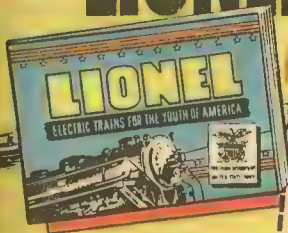
HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF LOYAL FOLLOWERS OF **BATMAN and ROBIN** JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF THE SMASHING EXPLOITS OF **THE WINNING TEAM!**

WELL, YOU'LL FIND 'EM EVERY MONTH IN **DETECTIVE COMICS!**





LIONEL CATALOG



FUN
THRILLS
EXCITEMENT
AT YOUR FAVORITE SHOP

Send at once for your copy of the big, new, 1941 edition of the Lionel Catalog. Page after page of exciting, new, realistic Lionel Trains. Clip, fill-in and mail coupon, enclosing 10c to cover cost of postage and handling.

The Lionel Corporation, Dept. J
15 East 26th Street, New York, N. Y.
Enclosed is 10 cents to cover postage and handling.
Please send copy of new Lionel Catalog.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

-THE BOY WONDER-

JOE
KANE

HERE IS A TALE OF THOSE
GIANT DENIZENS OF THE
DEEP--THOSE BATTLESHIPS OF
NATURE--WHALES! OF
MAMMOTH WHALE IN PARTICULAR,
A TITANTIC, TEN-TON MONSTER,
THAT PLUNGES SHIPS TO DAVY
JONES' LOCKER...AND SCOURS
THE OCEAN IN ITS HUNT FOR
A HUNDRED JONAHS!
IN A SHAKING DRAMA
OF MEN AGAINST THE SEA--
OF BRUTALITY AND FEAR--THAT
DYNAMIC DUO, THE BATMAN
AND ROBIN, TAKE HARPOON IN
HAND TO TRAP THE TERROR OF
THE SEAS--

THE WHITE WHALE!

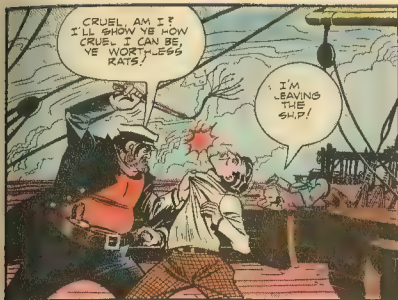
BOY, IT'S TIME NOW TO BEGIN
OUR TALE FOR--
That's the Blows!

RIDING
AT
ANCHOR IN
THE PORT OF
GOTHAM
CITY IS A
SHIP--
LONG
SEA-SONED
AND
WEATHER-
STAINED,
AND WELL
SHE MIGHT
BE FOR SHE
A RARE CRAFT
INDEED AN
OLD-FASHIONED
WOODEN-
HULLED
WHALE!

SO IT'S
MUTINY
NOW, IS
IT? VE
YELLOW-
LIVERED
COWARDS!

CALL IT
WHAT YOU
WILL-- BUT
NONE OF
US IS GOIN'
AFTER THE
WHITE
WHALE!

NOT A KILLER
WHALE THAT'S
ALREADY SENT
THREE SHIPS
DOWN TO DAVY
JONES' LOCKER.
BESIDES--NONE
OF US WILL SHIP
WITH YE AGAIN!
YOU'RE A CRUEL
MASTER, CAPTAIN
BURLY!



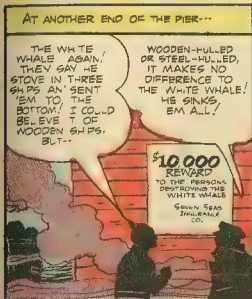
CRUEL, AM I?
I'LL SHOW YE HOW
CRUEL I CAN BE,
YE WORTHLESS
RATS!

I'M
LEAVING
THE
SHIP!



YE SWINE!
COME BACK! D'YE
HEAR ME? I'LL
BUT - AY ME HANDS
ON YE, I'D FLAY THE
SKIN FROM YOUR BACKS!

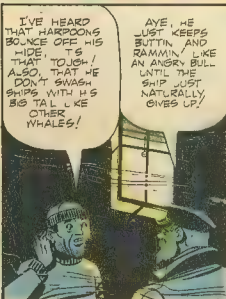
AT ANOTHER END OF THE PIER...



THE WHITE
WHALE AGAIN!
THEY SAY HE
STOVE IN THREE
SHIPS AN' SENT
'EM TO THE
BOTTOM! I COULD
BELIEVE T OF
WOODEN SHIPS,
BLT--

WOODEN-HULLED
OR STEEL-HULLED,
IT MAKES NO
DIFFERENCE TO
THE WHITE WHALE!
HE SINKS 'EM ALL!

\$10,000
REWARD
TO THE PERSONS
DESTROYING THE
WHITE WHALE
SEVEN SEAS
INSURANCE CO.



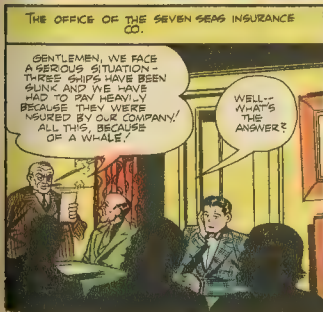
I'VE HEARD
THAT HARPOONS
BOUNCE OFF HIS
HIDE - 'T'S
THAT TOUGH!
ALSO, THAT HE
DON'T SWASH
SHIPS WITH HIS
BIG TAIL LIKE
OTHER
WHALES!

AYE, HE
JUST KEEPS
BUTTIN' AND
RAMMIN' LIKE
AN ANGRY BULL--
UNTIL THE
SHIP JUST
NATURALLY
GIVES UP!



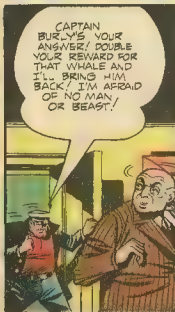
TO SEE THAT
GIANT MOUNTAIN
OF FLESH, BEARING
DOWN ON YE - 'T'S
TERRIBLE THE
WHITE WHALE MUST
BE SOME
ACCURSED, SEA
DEVIL!

THE OFFICE OF THE SEVEN SEAS INSURANCE CO.

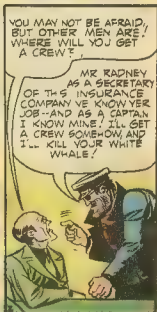


GENTLEMEN, WE FACE
A SERIOUS SITUATION--
THREE SHIPS HAVE BEEN
SUNK AND WE HAVE
HAD TO PAY HEAVILY
BECAUSE THEY WERE
INSURED BY OUR COMPANY!
ALL THIS, BECAUSE
OF A WHALE!

WELL--
WHAT'S
THE
ANSWER?



CAPTAIN
BURLY'S YOUR
ANSWER! DOUBLE
YOUR REWARD FOR
THAT WHALE AND
I'LL BRING HIM
BACK! I'M AFRAID
OF NO MAN
OR BEAST!



YOU MAY NOT BE AFRAID,
BUT OTHER MEN ARE!
WHERE WILL YOU GET
A CREW?

MR RADNEY
AS A SECRETARY
OF THE INSURANCE
COMPANY YE KNOW YOUR
JOB--AND AS A CAPTAIN
I KNOW MINE! I'LL GET
A CREW SOMEHOW, AND
I'LL KILL YOUR WHITE
WHALE!

AFTER THE CAPTAIN
LEAVES--

MR. WAYNE,
YOU'RE A
STOCKHOLDER
IN THIS
COMPANY--
WHAT DO YOU
THINK OF
CAPTAIN BURLY?

WE...--
HE SEEMS
DETERMINED.



...TOO DETERMINED,
DICK. PUT ON
THESE CLOTHES.
WE'RE GOING TO
INVESTIGATE THE
ACTIVITIES OF
THE NOTORIOUS
CAPTAIN BURLY!



AT HIS HOME, BRUCE
WAYNE SPEAKS TO HIS
YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON.

NIGHT! TWO SHADOWS MOVE THROUGH THE STILL,
DEEPER SHADOWS OF THE BROODING WATERFRONT--

YOU STAY
HERE. THERE'S
NO TELLING WHAT
MAY HAPPEN NOW,
SO JUST FOLLOW
MY LEAD!
O.K.A.Y.E

R. SGT.
BRUCE--
BUT BE
CAREFUL!



WARY, BRUCE SCOUTS AMONG THE
CLOOM-MANTLED DOCK WHEN--

GOT
A MATCH,
BUD!

I GUESS
SO--
SURE!



SUDDENLY--

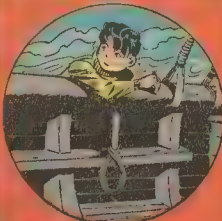


HE'S THE
LAST ONE!
DUMP HIM
IN WITH
THE
OTHERS!

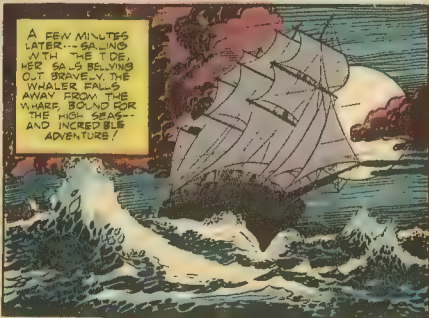
RIGHT
CAPTAIN!
WE'VE CAST
OFF AT
ONCE!



MOMENTS LATER, A SLIM FIGURE
CLIMBS SOUNDLESSLY TO THE DECK
OF THE OLD WHALER!



A FEW MINUTES
LATER--SAILING
WITH THE TIDE,
HER SAILS BELLYING
OUT BRAVELY, THE
WHALER FALLS
AWAY FROM THE
WHARF, BOUND FOR
THE HIGH SEAS--
AND INCREDIBLE
ADVENTURE!



LATER-- IN THE HOLD----

SOMEBODY
STOP THAT
FLOOR FROM
SPINN'G
AROUND!
OOHHH!
DICK! WHERE
ARE WE?

ON THE
WHALE,
BROTHER--
YOU'VE BEEN
SHANGHAIED!

SHANG-HAIED--
SO THIS IS HOW CAPTAIN
BURLY COLLECTED HIS
'CREW' OH OH
SOMEONE'S REGAINING
CONSCIOUSNESS!

BETTER IF I'M
A SORT OF SECRET
'ROUND HERE! I'LL
HIDE 'IN THAT
EMPTY OIL
BARREL!

MORNING-- AND THE MOTLEY
CREW IS ASSEMBLED ON DECK--TO
FACE CAPTAIN BURLY!

STOP YER SNIVLIN'--
ALL OF YE! I'M THE
MASTER HERE! LIKE
TAR NOT YER THE
CREW OF MY SHIP--AN!
WE'RE GOING AFTER
THE WHITE WHALE!

WOTS
TH' IDEA
O' SHANGHAIN'G
US
CAPN?

PLEASE
TAKE ME BACK
HOME. I'LL
LOSE MY
JOB!

I'M NOT--
UGH!

UGH!

EASY
LAD!
HE'S A
BAD
MAN!

BRASS
KNUCKLES!
THE
ROTTEN--

I'LL SOON TEACH
YE THAT MY WORD
S LAW ABOARD THIS
CRAFT!

USING THE NAME, "JACK TAR", BRUCE
ASSUMES THE ROLE OF A SEAMAN
WHILE DICK STOWS AWAY IN THE
HOLD!

UP YE GO,
YE LANDLUBBER--
LIVELY NOW OR
I'LL TAKE A
CLUB TO
YE!

THEN ---ONE NIGHT---

THAT MAN
IS WORKING
US TO DEATH!
HE'S A
TYRANT. I
THINK IT'S
TIME THE
BATMAN PUT
IN HIS
APPEARANCE!

AND DON'T
FORGET
ROBIN. BUT
HOW CAN YOU
DO IT
WITHOUT
AROUSING
SUSPICION
UPON
'JACK TAR'?

THE NEXT MORNING ---

MAN
OVERBOARD!
T'S 'JACK
TAR' MAN
OVER
BOARD!

SOME TIME LATER---

T-AT JACK TAR SUNK LIKE A LOG!

NOT A TRACE OF HIM! SHALL WE SEARCH SOME MORE, CAPTAIN?

WE'RE SEARCHIN' FOR WHALES, NOT FOR MEN-- WE'RE GETTIN' FULL SAIL AHEAD!



BUT DOWN IN THE HOLD, "JACK TAR" IS VERY MUCH ALIVE

NICE STUNT, THAT-- THROWING A RIGGED-UP DUMMY OVERBOARD!

SAY-- SOMETHING'S UP!

I'LL TEACH YE TO SPLASH WATER OVER MY FEET---



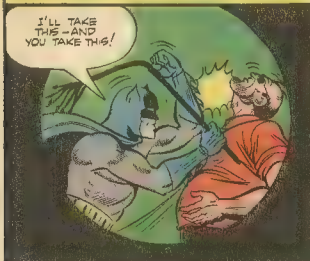
SPREAD EAGLE! AND HE'S GOING TO LACE INTO HIM WITH THE CAT O' NINE TAILS!

THINK SO? I DON'T! INTO YOUR WORK CLOTHES, BOY!



A QUICK DISCARD OF OUTER CLOTHING--AND TWO CAPED FIGURES CHARGE TO THE DECK--

I'LL TAKE THIS--AND YOU TAKE THIS!



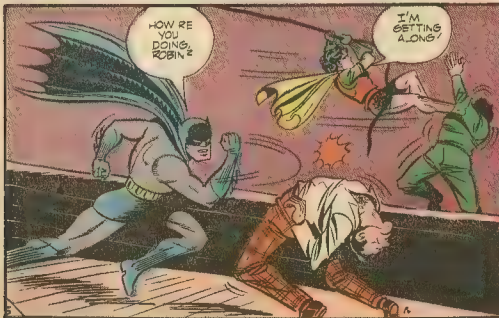
THAT'S THE BATMAN AND ROBIN!

WH-AT? ON MY SHIP? THEY MUST HAVE STOWED AWAY! I'LL SHOW 'EM HOW I TREAT SNOOPERS!



HOW'RE YOU DOING, ROBIN?

I'M GETTING ALONG!



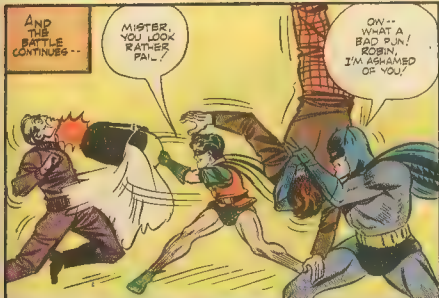
UH--UH! ATTACK FROM THE REAR-- HAVE TO STOP IT--



BUT BASSER ROBIN HAS NO
EYES FOR THE SOAP
UNDERFOOT, AND---



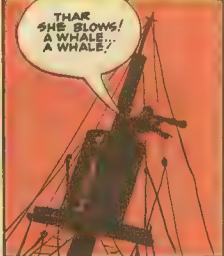
AND
THE
BATTLE
CONTINUES--



MISTER,
YOU LOOK
RATHER
PAIN--

OW--
WHAT A
BAD PUN!
ROBIN,
I'M ASHAMED
OF YOU!

THEN ALL FREEZE STOCK-STILL
AS A LOUD CRY IS HEARD---



THAT
SHE BLOWS!
A WHALE!
A WHALE!

IN THE
DISTANCE, A
THIN, CRESTED
SPOUT OF
VAPOR RISES
--INTO THE
AIR, INDICATING
A BLOWING
WHALE!



INTO THE BOAT
WITH YE! YOU'RE
GOIN' AWAY IN THIS
DAY! WE'LL SETTLE
OUR DIFFERENCES
LATER!



TRUE WHALERS, THE SEAMEN FORGET THEIR QUARRELS AS AN EXCITING WHALE HUNT LOOMS AHEAD!

1 THE CHASE IS ON! THRASHING DARTS SEND BOATS HISSING THROUGH THE WAVES.

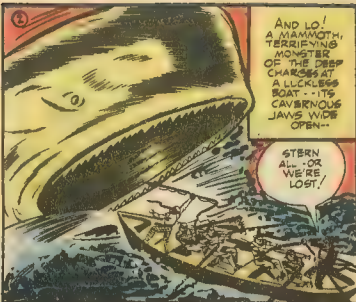
HEAVE! HEAVE! BLAST YE! PULL UNTIL YE BREAK THE DARTS! IF YE CAN'T BREAK 'EM, BREAK YER BACKS! HEAVE, HEAVE!



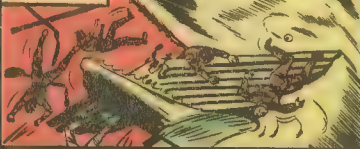
2

AND LO! A MAMMOTH, TERRIFYING MONSTER OF THE DEEP CHARGES AT A LUCKLESS BOAT - ITS CAVERNOUS JAWS WIDE OPEN--

STERN AL - OR WE'RE LOST!



3 ONE HORRIFYING MOMENT AS THE PONDEROUS JAWS SNAP SHUT AND THE BOW OF THE BOAT CRUMPLES! INTO SPLINTERS!

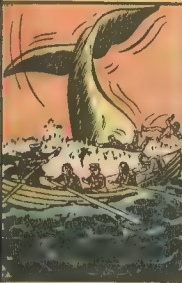


6

BRACING HIMSELF ON THE BUCKING BOAT, THE BATMAN DRIVES THE HARPOON DEEP INTO THE WHALE'S MONSTRIOUS BULK!



4 THEN UNEXPECTEDLY, THE ANGRY WHALE TURNS ON ANOTHER BOAT! THE FLUKES OF ITS VAST TAIL SWEEP ROBIN AND THE HARPOONER INTO THE CHURNING WATERS!

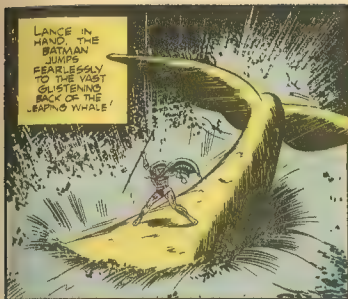


5 THE TREMENDOUS TAIL LASHES THE OCEAN INTO FOAM - THREATENING AT ANY MOMENT TO SMASH ROBIN AND THE HARPOONER!

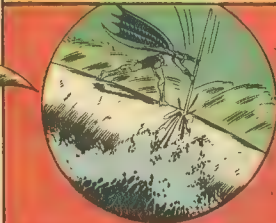


NOT A SECOND TO LOSE! THAT HARPOON!

LANCE IN HAND, THE BATMAN JUMPS FEARLESSLY TO THE VAST GLISTENING BACK OF THE LEAPING WHALE!



THE LANCE FLASHES IN THE SUN FOR AN INSTANT AND THEN HISSES DOWN LIKE A STREAK OF WHITE FLAME!



AND PLUNGES DEEP INTO THE SEA BEAST WHO STARTS TO ROLL OVER ON ITS SIDE!



IT'S ALL OVER NOW... WHEW!

THE BATMAN'S FIRST THOUGHT IS OF HIS PAL, ROBIN--



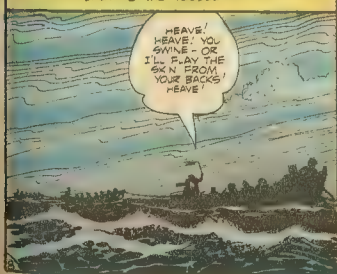
GOLLY! I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER FOR SURE THAT TIME!

YOU GAVE ME AN AWFUL SCARE... YOU... YOU LITTLE DEVIL!

CUT OUT THE SENTIMENTAL ACT, YOU TWO--OR YOU'LL HAVE ME IN TEARS IN A MINUTE! GET TO WORK WITH THE REST OF THE CREW!

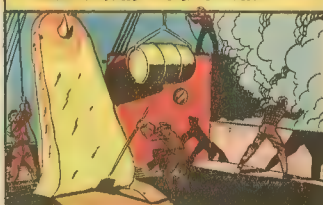


THE HUGE WHALE IS THEN TIRELESSLY TOWED BACK TO THE VESSEL---



HEAVE! HEAVE! YOU SWINE - OR I'LL FLAY THE SKIN FROM YOUR BACKS! HEAVE!

THE CUTTING-IN BEGINS! WITH LONG SPADES THE SEAMEN PEEL OFF THE THICK BLANKET OF BLUBBER AND HOIST IT TO THE DECK WHERE IT IS 'MINCED' OR SLICED INTO SMALL PIECES--



--AND THEN DUMPED INTO HUGE TRYPOTS, WHERE THE OIL IS BOILED FROM THE BLUBBER!

IT IS LONG, HARD LABOR AND AT THE END OF THE TIRING DAY, THE MEN DROP TO THE DECK EXHAUSTED.



UP! UP
YE LAZY
SWINE!

HEY!

WHY,
YOU--

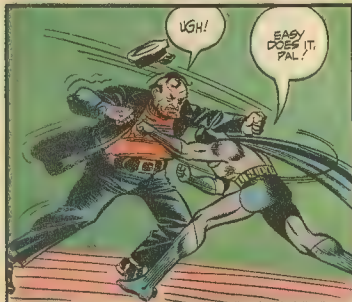
BUT BURLY IS WAITING. HIS HUGE FIST SMASHES INTO BATMAN'S FACE!



I SIN!
WAITIN'
FER THIS!

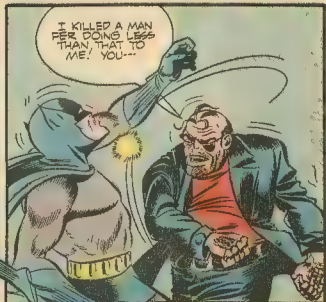
I SEE---WORKED
ME 'TILL I'M
TOO TIRED TO
STAND--AND THEN
GOADED ME INTO A
FIGHT! CRAFTY
SORT OF DEVIL,
AREN'T YOU?

ME BRASS
KNUCKLES ON---
NOW TO GIVE YE
THE WORST BEATIN'
YOU EVER GOT!

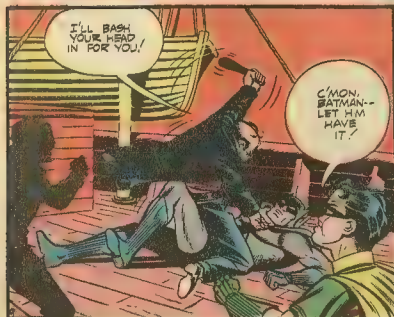


UGH!

EASY
DOES IT,
PAL.

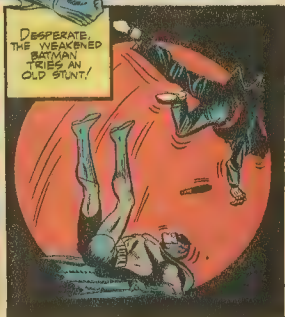


I KILLED A MAN
FER DOING LESS
THAN THAT TO
ME. YOU---



I'LL BASH
YOUR HEAD
IN FOR YOU!

C'MON.
BATMAN--
LET HM
HAVE
IT!



DESPERATE,
THE WEAKENED
BATMAN
TRIES AN
OLD STUNT!

COMING TOGETHER AGAIN LIKE SAVAGE BEASTS, THE TWO FIGHT TOOTH AND NAIL!

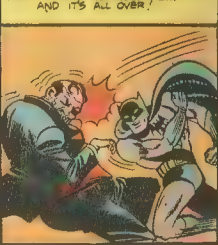


I'LL CHOKE THE LIVING BREATH FROM YOUR BODY!

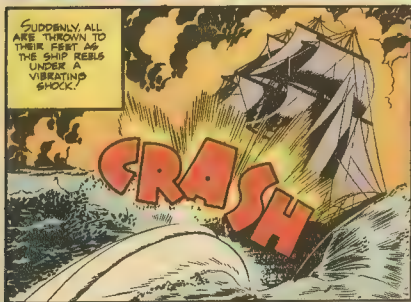
WITH A SURGE OF SUDDEN STRENGTH, THE BATMAN RIPS HIMSELF LOOSE. HE CLAMPS HIS FINGERS INTO A BALLED FIST AND--



--TEARS INTO THE BRUTAL CAPTAIN WITH WILD FURY! RIGHT AND A LEFT--ANOTHER LEFT--AND THEN A FINAL TERRIBLE RIGHT--AND IT'S ALL OVER!



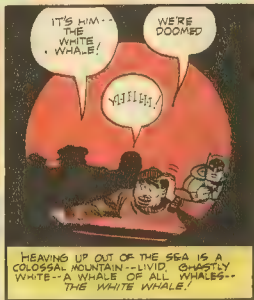
SUDDENLY, ALL ARE THROWN TO THEIR FEET AS THE SHIP REELS UNDER A VIBRATING SHOCK!



IT'S HIM-- THE WHITE WHALE!

WE'RE DOOMED

WIIIIH!

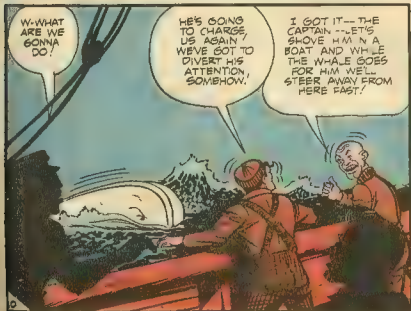


HEAVING UP OUT OF THE SEA IS A COLOSSAL MOUNTAIN--LIVID, CHASTLY WHITE--A WHALE OF ALL WHALES-- THE WHITE WHALE!

W-WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO!

HE'S GOING TO CHARGE US AGAIN! WE'VE GOT TO DIVERT HIS ATTENTION, SOMEBOW!

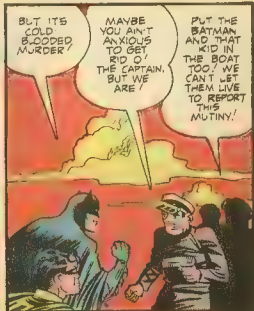
I GOT IT--THE CAPTAIN--LET'S SHOVE HIM IN A BOAT AND WHILE THE WHALE GOES FOR HIM WE'LL STEER AWAY FROM HERE FAST!



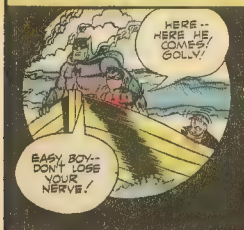
BUT ITS COLD BLOODED MURDER!

MAYBE YOU AIN'T ANXIOUS TO GET RID O' THE CAPTAIN, BUT WE ARE!

PUT THE BATMAN AND THAT KID IN THE BOAT TOO! WE CAN'T LET THEM LIVE TO REPORT THIS MUTINY!



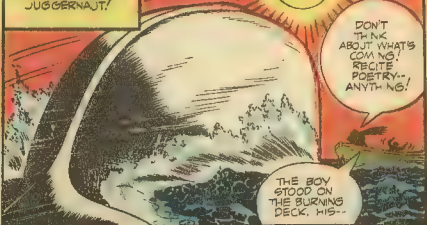
THE SUPERSTITIOUS SAILORS LEAVE THE BATMAN, ROBIN AND THE BEWILDERED CAPTAIN IN AN OPEN BOAT—TO FACE THE CHARON WHITE WHALE!



HERE--
HERE HE
COMES,
GOLLY!

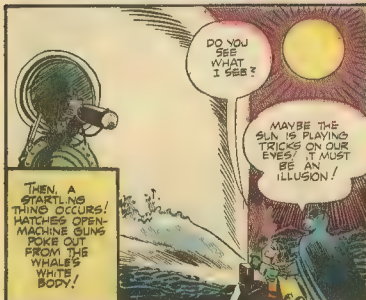
EASY BOY--
DON'T LOSE
YOUR
NERVE!

THE DREADED
WHITE WHALE RUSHES
THROUGH THE
SHIVERING WAVES,
HIS CHARON BULK
LOOMING LIKE A
JUGGERNAUT!



DON'T
THINK
ABOUT WHAT'S
COMING!
RECITE
POETRY--
ANYTHING!

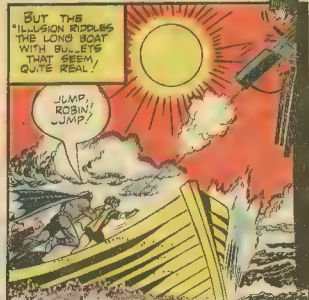
THE BOY
STOOD ON
THE BURNING
DECK, HIS--



DO YOU
SEE
WHAT
I SEE?

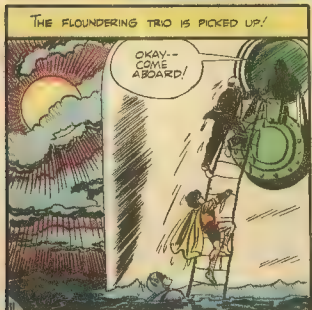
MAYBE THE
SUN IS PLAYING
TRICKS ON OUR
EYES! IT MUST
BE AN
ILLUSION!

THEN, A
STARTLING
THING OCCURS!
HATCHES OPEN--
MACHINE GUNS
POKE OUT
FROM THE
WHALE'S
WHITE
BODY!



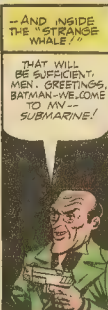
BUT THE
ILLUSION RIDDLES
THE LONG BOAT
WITH BULLETS
THAT SEEM
QUITE REAL!

JUMP,
ROBIN!
JUMP!



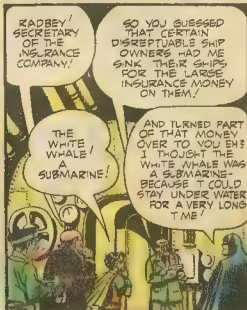
THE FLOUNDERING TRIO IS PICKED UP!

OKAY--
COME
ABOARD!



--AND INSIDE
THE "STRANGE
WHALE!"

THAT WILL
BE SUFFICIENT,
MEN. GREETINGS,
BATMAN--WE COME
TO NY--
SUBMARINE!

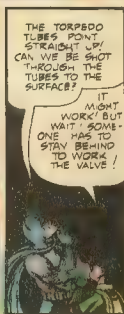
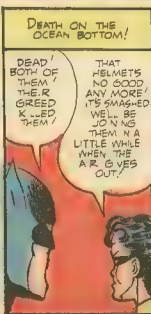
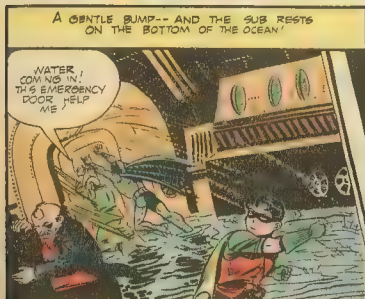
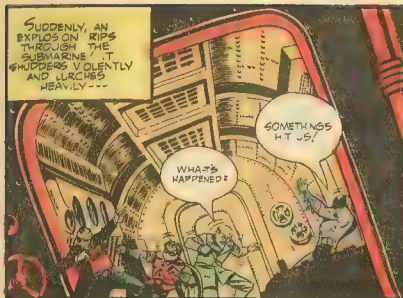


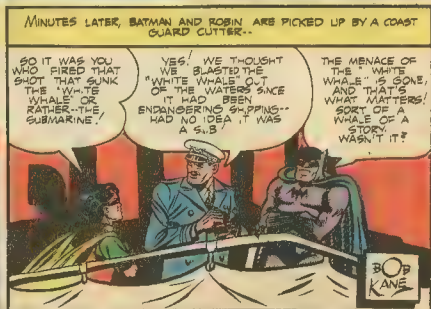
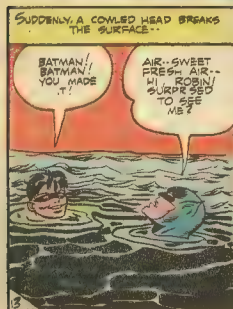
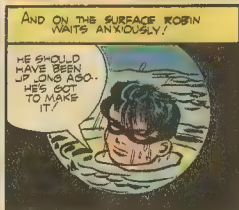
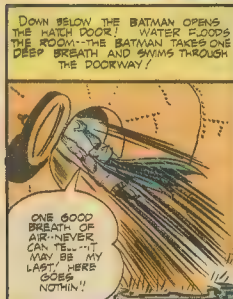
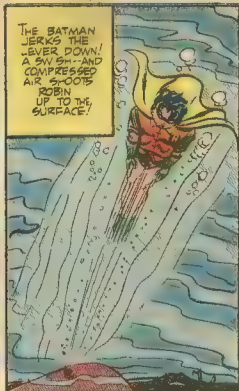
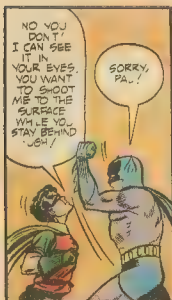
RADBEY!
SECRETARY
OF THE
INSURANCE
COMPANY!

SO YOU GUESSED
THAT CERTAIN
DISREPUTABLE SHIP
OWNERS HAD ME
SINK THEIR SHIPS
FOR THE LARGE
INSURANCE MONEY
ON THEM!

THE
WHITE
WHALE!
A
SUBMARINE!

AND TURNED PART
OF THAT MONEY
OVER TO YOU EH?
I THOUGHT THE
WHITE WHALE WAS
A SUBMARINE--
BECAUSE IT COULD
STAY UNDER WATER
FOR A VERY LONG
TIME!





BOB KANE

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1941
(Signed) Alfred B. Yaffe. (My commission expires March 30, 1942.)

JOSETTE FRANK

Staff Advisor,

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Child Study Association of America



War Paint, An Indian Pony.
By Paul Brown

Life was wild and cruel on the great Western prairies where the young colt, War Paint, grazed in his mother's protecting shadow. There were always fierce and hungry killers waiting to feast on young horses—wolves hunting in packs, pumas lurking in the tall grass, silent, ready to pounce on their prey.

War Paint had to fight for his life in many a bloody battle with the killers. Greatest of all was his fight to the death with a rival stallion, to prove himself leader of his band. But his roaming days were soon over, for the crafty Indian brave, Grey Eagle, was waiting to capture this fine pony to be his own war horse. Now War Paint must learn to serve a master. And when the fierce and war-like Comanche Indians went on the warpath, War Paint carried his master through many bloody and terrible struggles to final triumph over his enemies.

If you like pictures of horses in action you will find them on every page of this book.

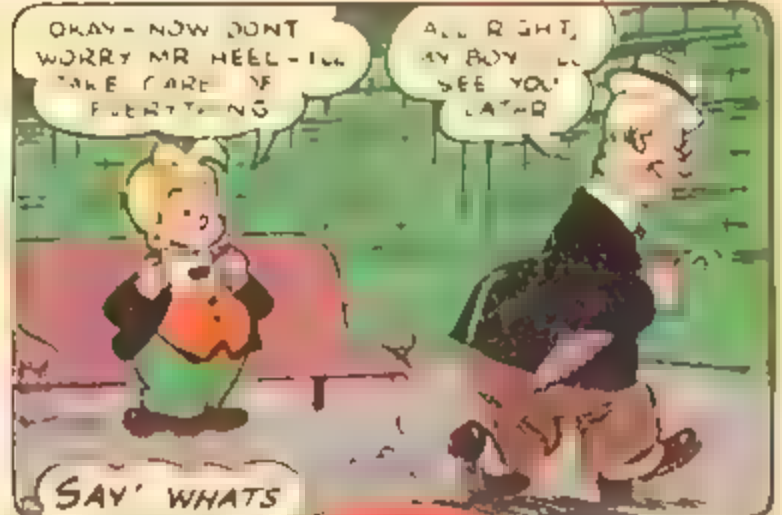
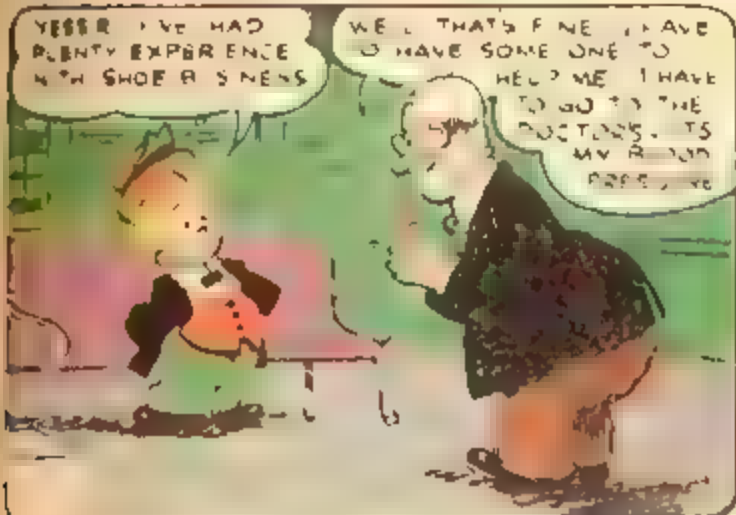
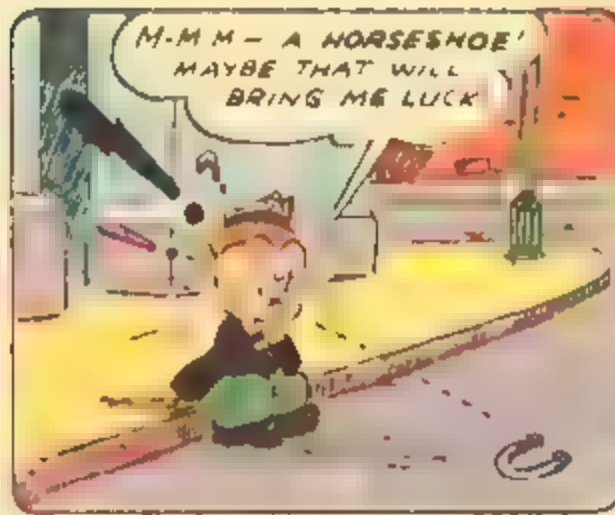
Ask your local librarian for "War Paint, An Indian Pony."

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Mars No. 3)

PZELLI TLOH ZKK YB CRK FC VLR QOV.

ROLLIN' STONE



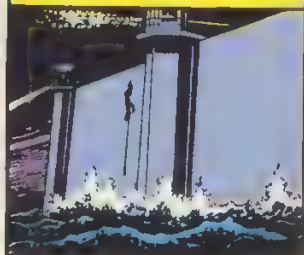
BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN

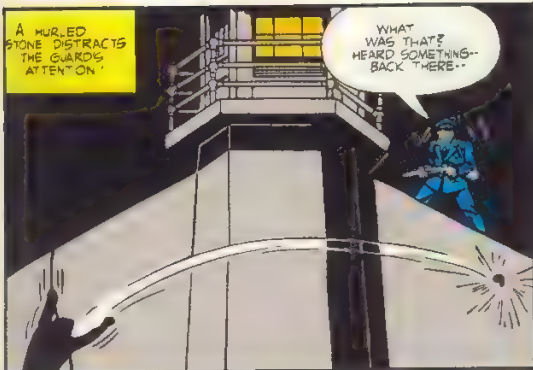


THE **JOKER**, KING OF
KNAVES, WOODS LADY LUCK, QUEEN
OF CHANCE IN QUEST OF HIS
GREATEST PRIZE, BUT EVEN
THOUGH THE CUNNING CRIME CLOWN
LOADS THE DICE AND STACKS THE
CARDS IN HIS FAVOR JUSTICE, IN THE
FORM OF THAT DYNAMITE TEAM,
BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY
WONDER, HOPS THE RIM OF THE
WHIRLING WHEEL OF FORTUNE AND
REAPS A LAST LAUGH ON THE
LAW-BREAKERS!"

NIGHT--A PRISON SLEEPS--BUT
EVIL IS AWAKE!



A MURLED
STONE DISTRACTS
THE GUARD'S
ATTENTION!



WHAT
WAS THAT?
HEARD SOMETHING--
BACK THERE--

NOTHING--
MUST HAVE BEEN
THAT DUCK WADDLING
INTO THE RIVER--
JUST A HARMLESS
DUCK--

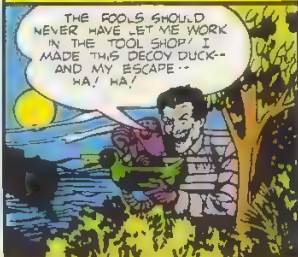


BUT THE
"HARMLESS"
DUCK IS A MAN--
A MAN
ESCAPING
FROM AN
ESCAPE-PROOF
PRISON.



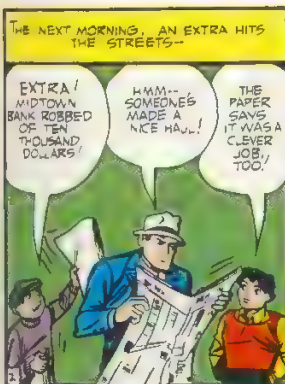
A DRIPPING FIGURE HAULS ITSELF ONTO
THE OPPOSITE SHORE!

THE FOOLS SHOULD
NEVER HAVE LET ME WORK
IN THE TOOL SHOP! I
MADE THIS DECOY DUCK--
AND MY ESCAPE--
HA! HA!



THE JOKER! ARCH-VILLAN OF ALL TIME,
IS FREE--FREE ONCE AGAIN TO WREAK HIS
CRIMINAL CUNNING

THE NEXT MORNING, AN EXTRA HITS
THE STREETS--



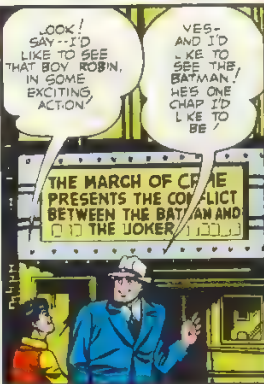
EXTRA!
MIDTOWN
BANK ROBBED
OF TEN
THOUSAND
DOLLARS!

HMM--
SOMEONE'S
MADE A
NICE HAUL!

THE
PAPER
SAYS
IT WAS A
CLEVER
JOB,
TOO!

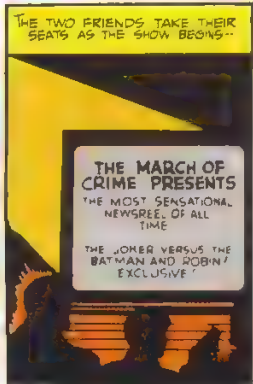
LOOK!
SAY--I'D
LIKE TO
SEE
THAT BOY ROBIN.
IN SOME
EXCITING
ACTION!

YES--
AND I'D
LIKE TO
SEE THE
BATMAN!
HE'S ONE
CHAP I'D
LIKE TO
BE!



THE MARCH OF CRIME
PRESENTS THE CONFLICT
BETWEEN THE BATMAN AND
THE JOKER

THE TWO FRIENDS TAKE THEIR
SEATS AS THE SHOW BEGINS--



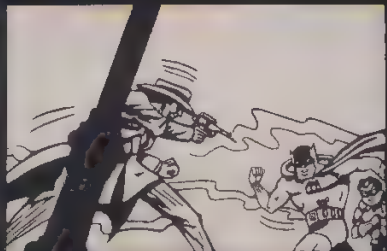
THE MARCH OF
CRIME PRESENTS
THE MOST SENSATIONAL
NEWSREEL OF ALL
TIME

THE JOKER VERSUS THE
BATMAN AND ROBIN
EXCLUSIVE



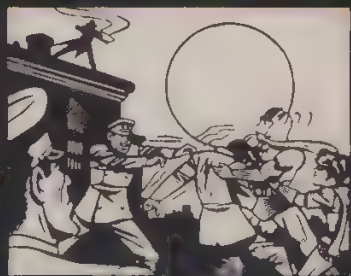
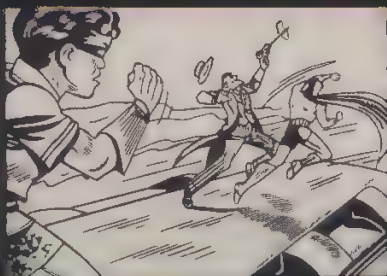
"HERE IS A STORY TAKEN FROM THE PAGES OF CRIME, A STORY THAT BEGAN WHEN THE MUCKING JOKER FIRST CROSSED THE TRAIL OF THE BATMAN AND ROBIN- AND THUS BEGAN THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY"

"HERE WE SEE THE JOKER AFTER HE ACCIDENTALLY STABBED HIMSELF IN A SCUFFLE WITH THE BATMAN. HE WENT TO PLOT MORE VILANY!"



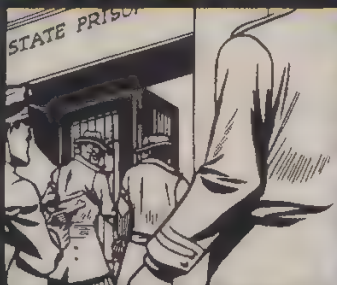
"AT GREAT RISK OF LIFE A NEWSREEL MAN SHOT THIS SCENE ATOP A SPEEDING TRAIN!"

"AN AMATEUR CAMERAMAN SECURED THIS EXCITING PICTURE OF THE JOKER IN ACTION!"



"BUT THE TRAIL OF CRIME ALWAYS LEADS TO PRISON, AS THE JOKER WAS TO FIND OUT."

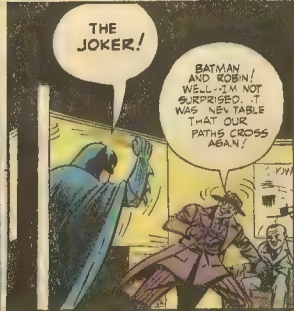
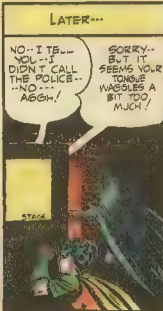
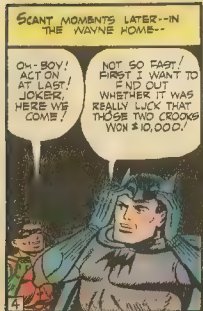
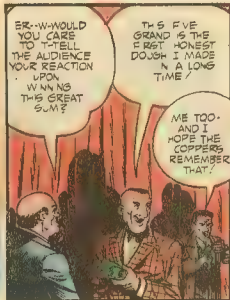
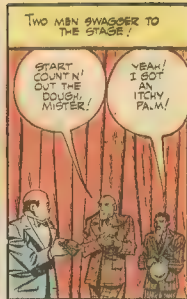
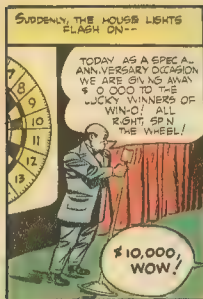
"OUR THANKS GO TO THE BATMAN AND ROBIN FOR THE FINAL CAPTURE OF A MASTER CRIMINAL."



"FUNNY I NEVER REALIZED BEFORE HOW PHOTOGENIC YOU ARE."

"AND YOU-- YOU'LL BE MAKING CLARK GABLE LOOK TO HIS LAURELS!"





A SLASHING KICK DISPOSES OF THE DEADLY BLOW GUN!



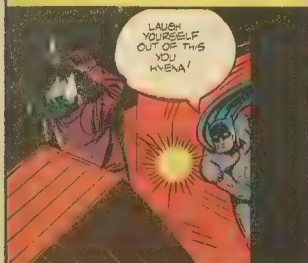
YOU FORGET YOU'RE DEALING WITH THE JOKER!



ON THE CONTRARY, I'M VERY MUCH AWARE OF IT YOU GRINNING DEVIL!



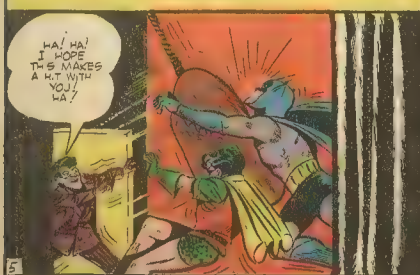
A POWERFUL BLOW SENDS THE JOKER SPINNING THROUGH THE DOOR---



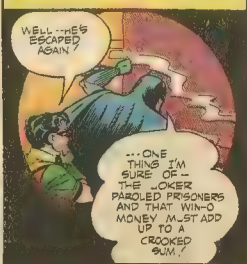
ONCE OUTSIDE, THE CUNNING CLOWN SEIZES HIS ADVANTAGE AND RACES AWAY WITH BATMAN AND ROBIN IN FULL PURSUIT



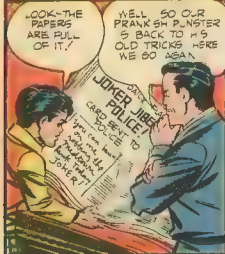
SUDDENLY THE GRIM JESTER HALTS HIS MAD FLIGHT WHEELS AND---



SECONDS LATER, A SUPERCHARGED ENGINE ROARS TESTIMONY TO THE JOKER'S ESCAPE!



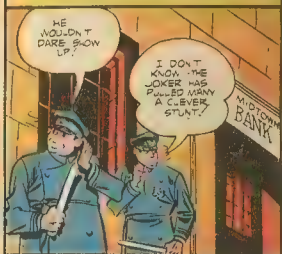
A WEEK GOES BY--THEN, ONE MORNING---



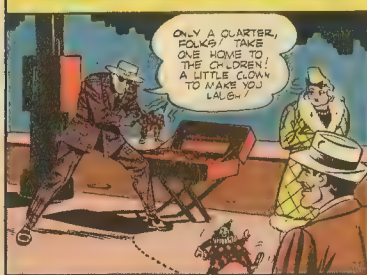
AND IN A CERTAIN ROOM---



THAT AFTERNOON A CORDON OF APPREHENSIVE POLICE SURROUND THE MIDTOWN BANK--



A TYPICAL SIDEWALK PITCHMAN AMBLES ONTO THE SCENE---



THE PITCHMAN WINDS A NEW DOLL----



ON WADDLES THE DROLL, LITTLE CLOWN, HIS FLOPPY FEET CARRYING HIM STRAIGHT TOWARD THE BANK WALL---



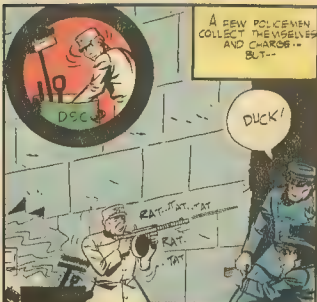
--ON WADDLES, THE BULBOUS NOSE FINALLY BUMPS AGAINST THE BANK WALL --AND THEN---



IN THE MIST OF FRENZIED EXCITEMENT, THE PITCHMAN REMOVES HIS MAKEUP, AND REVEALS THE LEERING FACE OF THE JOKER...



HA! HA JUST A LITTLE DOLL-- FILLED WITH T.N.T. EXPLODING THE WALL SO THAT THE TELLERS' CAGES ARE EXPOSED. WHAT A JOKE.



A FEW POLICEMEN COLLECT THEMSELVES AND CHARGE-- BUT--

DUCK!

AN INSTANT LATER, THE KILLER CAR ROARS AWAY-- FOLLOWED BY TWO MANTLED FIGURES, ATOP BUCKING MOTORCYCLES!



HA! GOT 'EM IN THE HAND! SAY-- THE BATMAN AND ROBIN!

A DANGEROUS CHASE BEGINS--



BOY-OH-BOY!

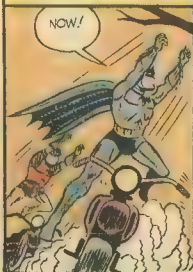
WE'RE CATCHING THEM, ROBIN!

SUDDENLY, THE JOKER WHIPS HIS CAR ABOUT, AND VALTS FOR SAFETY!



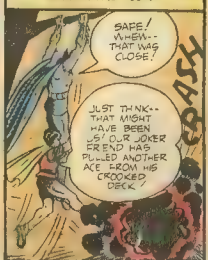
THAT DEVIL HAS BLOCKED THE ROAD! CAN'T TURN! ROBIN-- ALLEY-OOH!

THE ACROBATMAN MAKES A DARING LEAP--



NOW!

A RENDING CRASH! LIKE TWIN CANNON BALLS, THE MOTORCYCLES GRIND INTO THE AUTOMOBILE BUT BATMAN AND ROBIN--



SAFE! WHEN-- THAT WAS CLOSE!

JUST THINK-- THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN US! OUR JOKER FRIEND HAS PULLED ANOTHER ACE FROM HIS CROOKED DECK.

CRASH

THE NEXT NIGHT...

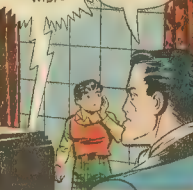
LISTEN TO THE HEADLINE
ROBIN / JOEY
NABS \$20,000
AND ELUDES
BATMAN!
\$20,000...

--AND TONIGHT,
THE BOWL O
BILL'S PROGRAM
\$ YES AWAY
\$ 20,000
TO THE LUCKY
PERSON
WHO RECEIVES
OUR TELEPHONE
CALL!



AH HERE
WE ARE!
THE LUCKY
TELEPHONE
NUMBER.
CENTRA 9544.
HELLO, MR.
MONT
N.Y.Z

MONT
WILLYZ
HE WAS
JUST RELEASED
FROM JAIL
TWO DAYS
AGO!



MR. WILLY--YOU
ARE THE WINNER
OF THE BOWL
O BILL'S PROGRAM!

BOWL
O BILL'S

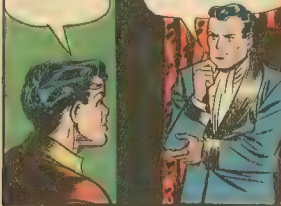


SWELL! I JUST
GOT OUTTA STIR SO
THE DOUGH WILL
COME IN MIGHTY
HANDY TO
MAKE PAYMENTS
ON A NEW CAR
I JUST
BOUGHT!



COME TO
THINK OF IT,
WILLY LOOKS
LIKE THE MAN
WHO HELPED
THE JOEY ON
HIS LAST
JOB!

\$20,000--THE SAME
SUM! AND THOSE
TWO WIN-O WINNERS
WON \$10,000--
THE SAME AMOUNT
BYGONE FROM
THAT OTHER BANK!
HMM!



THE FOLLOWING
DAYS SEE MORE
ROBBERIES BY
THE JOEY
AND HIS CRIME
COHORTS!

DAILY FLASH
BANK MESSENGER HELD UP
BY JOEY \$30,000 TAKEN!



POLICE QUESTION SUSPECTS--

WHERE DID
YOU GET THE
MONEY FOR
THIS EXPENSIVE
CARR? YOU
JUST GOT OUT
OF JAIL
YESTERDAY!

YOU GOT
NOTHIN' ON
ME, COPPER!
DIDNT YOU
HEAR HOW I
WON \$30,000
IN A B.S
RAFFLE
LAST NIGHT?



YOU JUST
GET OUT OF
JAIL AND ARE
ABLE TO
AFFORD A
PLACE
LIKE THIS?
HOW
COME?

GET THOSE
COPPERS--
I WON
\$5,000
PLAYING
WIN-O,
SO JUST
RELAX.

ROB
A BANK,
JOE?

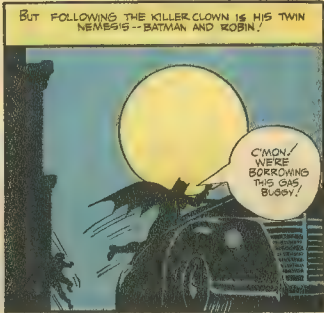
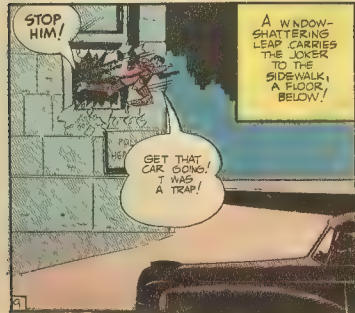
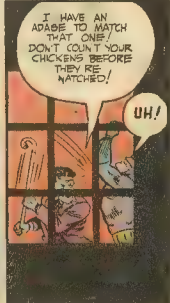
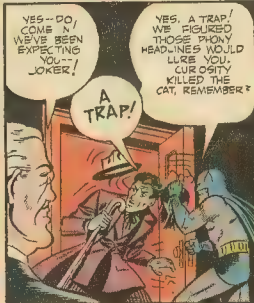
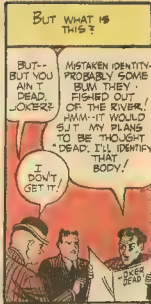
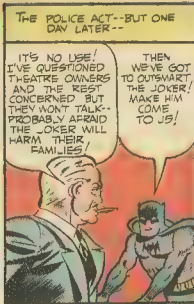
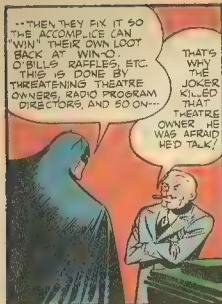


ONE MAN OFFERS POLICE COMMISSIONER
GORDON A LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR
THE LUCKY LAW-BREAKERS--

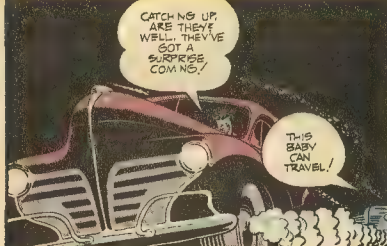
YES--POLICE ALWAYS
CHECK UP ON NEWLY
RELEASED PRISONERS
WHO SUSPECTEDLY
ACQUIRE SUDDEN WEALTH
WHATS THAT TO DO
WITH THE
JOEY?

LISTEN--THE
JOEY HAS A
NEW RACKET.
HE MAKES AN
ACQUAINTANCE OF A
RECENTLY RELEASED
CRIMINAL THEN PULL
A ROBBERY--





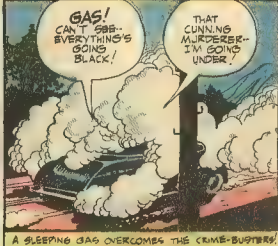
AGAIN, A WILD, FRENZIED CHASE, TAKING THE CARS
OUT INTO OPEN COUNTRY!



CATCHING UP,
ARE THEY
WELL, THEY'VE
GOT A
SURPRISE
COMING!

THIS
BABY
CAN
TRAVEL!

WITHOUT A WARNING--FROM THE
EXHAUST PIPE--

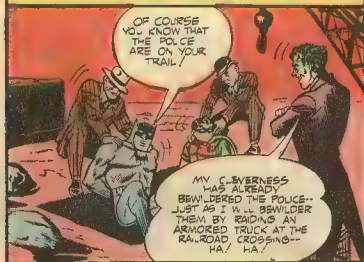


GAS!
CAN'T SEE--
EVERYTHING'S
GOING
BLACK!

THAT
CUNNING
MURDERER--
I'M GOING
UNDER!

A SLEEPING GAS OVERCOMES THE CRIME-BUSTERS!

LATER--BATMAN AND ROBIN AWAKE AS CAPTIVES OF
THE MOCKING JOKER!



OF COURSE
YOU KNOW THAT
THE POLICE
ARE ON YOUR
TRAIL!

MY CLEVERNESS
WAS ALREADY
BEWILDERED THE POLICE--
JUST AS I WILL BEWILDER
THEM BY RAIDING AN
ARMORED TRUCK AT THE
RAILROAD CROSSING--
HA! HA!

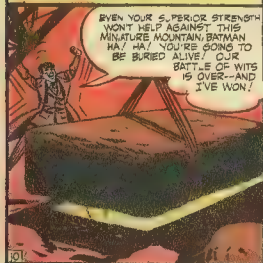


AS FOR YOU, DEAR
BATMAN AND ROBIN, YOU
WOULD HAVE ARRANGED A
BURIAL FOR ME--SO I AM
DOING THE SAME FOR
YOU! HA! HA! GET
OUT OF THIS ONE
IF YOU CAN---

FUNNY,
SN'T
HE?

YEAH--
HE KILLS
ME!

UNDER THE JOKER'S DIRECTIONS, A CRANE
LOWERS A TON-HEAVY SLAB OF ROCK OVER
THE MAKE-SHIFT CRYPT!



EVEN YOUR SUPERIOR STRENGTH
WON'T HELP AGAINST THIS
MINIATURE MOUNTAIN, BATMAN!
HA! HA! YOU'RE GOING TO
BE BURIED ALIVE! OUR
BATTLE OF WITS
IS OVER--AND
I'VE WON!

DOWN COMES THE STONE,
AND THE BATMAN AND
ROBIN ARE SEALED FAST--
ENTOMBED!

ROPES ARE
COMING
OFF, BUT
WE'RE
STILL
IN A
SPOT!

THIS AIR WON'T LAST
LONG--AND
NEITHER WILL
WE UNLESS
WE DO SOME
THING FAST!



CAN'T EVEN BUDGE
IT! IT LOOKS
LIKE THE END
FOR US!

NOT YET!
THIS SILVER
PENCIL FROM MY
UTILITY BELT--
IT MAY SAVE OUR
LIVES--DO AS
I SAY--



WHAT'S
THE
IDEA?

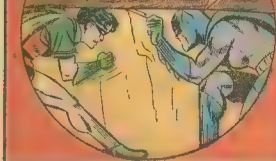
YOU'LL
SEE--STOP
TALKING AND
PUSH--ALL
WE HAVE TO
DO IS RAISE
THIS SLAB
A FRACTION
OF AN INCH--
UGH--



MIGHTY MUSCLES PUSH AGAINST THE TERRIBLE WEIGHT--UP--UP--A SIXTEENTH OF AN INCH--AN EIGHTH--A QUARTER--

UGH!

UGH--THAT'S T--
NOW I'LL SLIDE
THIS PENCIL N--
ON THIS
SIDE--



HOLD JUST
A SECOND
MORE--
WHILE I SLIDE
YOUR SILVER-
PENCIL UNDER
THE
OTHER
SIDE!



--I'M
ALL N--
AND I
DON'T
GET THIS
ANYHOW--

YOU WILL--
NOW PRESS
AGAINST THE
ROCK--TRY
TO MAKE IT
SLIDE FORWARD
--NOW--
UGH!



MIRACULOUSLY
THE STONE BASES
FORWARD INCH-
BY INCH, GROANING,
SO LEAKING PROTESTING
BUT, NEVERTHELESS,
MOVING--

A SIMPLE
ENGINEERING TRICK!
WE COULDN'T SLIDE
THE HEAVY ROCK
ITSELF--BUT WITH
THE SILVER PENCILS
UNDER EITHER SIDE
TO ACT AS ROLLERS
--WELL, THERE'S
YOUR ANSWER!



MEANWHILE, A SHORT
DISTANCE AWAY A
VILLANOUS JOKER
AND HIS CRONS
BEGAN THEIR LATEST
COUP!

AN ANNOYING
OBSTACLE
REMOVED IN
SIMPLE FASHION!
NOW TO LOWER
THE GATES AND
STOP THE ARMORED
TRUCK!



SOME MOMENTS LATER--AN ARMORED
BANK TRUCK HALTS BEFORE THE RAILROAD
CROSSING--

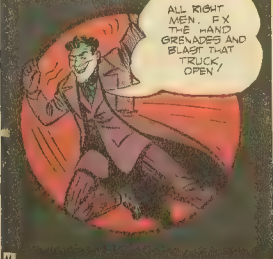
GATE
GOING
DOWN!

YEAH--TRAIN
MUST BE
COMING--
WE'LL HAVE
TO WAIT!



THEN WITHOUT WARNING--

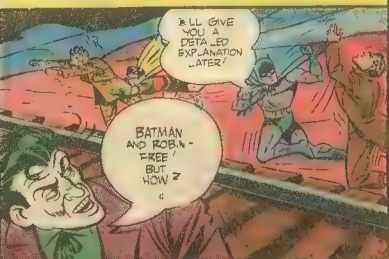
ALL RIGHT
MEN, FIX
THE HAND
GRENADES AND
BLAST THAT
TRUCK,
OPEN!



SUDDENLY, THE NIGHT AIR IS SPLIT BY TWO FIGURES PLUNGING
FORWARD IN A FURIOUS HEAD-ON CHARGE--

WE'LL GIVE
YOU A
DETAILED
EXPLANATION
LATER!

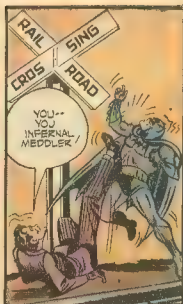
BATMAN
AND ROBIN--
FREE!
BUT
HOW?



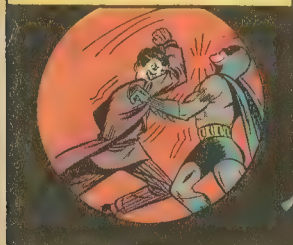
ROBIN GOES TO TOWN!



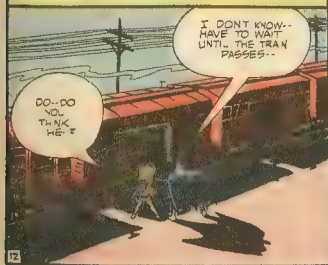
WHILE THE BATMAN AND THE JOKER ONCE AGAIN MEET IN A PERSONAL BATTLE!



AS THE TWO GREAT ENEMIES CLASH IN TERRIFIC COMBAT--THERE IS THE SUDDEN NEARBY RUMBLE AND THUNDER OF AN APPROACHING EXPRESS TRAIN--



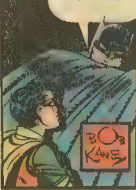
LIKE A JUGGERNAUT OF DOOM, THE TRAIN ROARS MIGHTILY OVER THE EXACT SPOT WHERE THE JOKER HAD FALLEN!



AND WHEN THE LONG TRAIN FINALLY DOES CLATTER PAST--



THE JOKER-- GONE AGAIN!
YES--BUT HE'LL BE BACK--HE ALWAYS COMES BACK-- AND WHEN HE DOES, HE'LL FIND US READY AND WAITING!



FOOD FOR THE FISHES

by Eric Carter

THE two boys stood before questioner, who spoke in a low voice. Since the enemy had come into this land, everybody had to speak in secret and meet in secret, and even think in secret. Straight and tall they stood, these two lads, reminding one of their native Norwegian ash from which is fashioned the finest skis in the world. They were mere lads, yes, but they knew the meaning of war.

* * *

Norway had seemed about to die the day Quisling renounced his birthright. But a country that is built on truth, and light, and love is everlasting. Those to whom Norway had given birth swore, with their lives as pledges, that she should not die. Men and women, and even children were agreed that death was preferable until the day the yoke of tyranny would be flung from their necks.

* * *

"You are not afraid, Derek? Nor you, Paul?"

The eyes of the speaker, Inton Evasek, were kindly and grave, resting on the faces of the two lads before him.

Derek, being the eldest—he was twelve—answered.

"We are not afraid of the danger. We are afraid only that we shall not be able to carry out this mission. I pray God that we may be victorious."

Inton Evasek smiled and the tired lines of his face seemed to glow with new promise and determination. When children such as these, mere striplings, were against the enemy how could terror hope to prevail? He turned around, his glance on the solemn-faced ring of men around him. "You are satisfied, gentlemen?"

They nodded approval.

Smiling still, Inton Evasek spoke to Derek.

"The carts are loaded with dried fish, which you are to take to the store of Alderman Hansen at Karmo. Tell him the choice fish is the smallest one, which will be on the bottom. You understand?"

Derek and Paul both nodded. Continuing, Inton Evasek said:

"If the enemy sentries stop you, only your wit can get you through. They will not confiscate the fish, because they abhor it." Inton Evasek looked toward the door. "The sleds are ready. You boys must get through, that is all I can tell you."

Derek and Paul shook hands gravely with the leader of the town council and went out into the invigorating night where two carts, drawn by husky dogs, awaited them.

* * *

There was a German corporal at the outpost and, at the moment, he was standing rigidly at attention as a small, youthful and wrathful Lieutenant upbraided him. The Corporal's name was Schmidt and he had served in the Imperial Army, which is why only a reddened countenance betrayed his feelings as the Lieutenant's vitriol continued.

"Dumkopf!" The Lieutenant's slight body quivered. "How dare you allow a man to leave his post, even for an instant? What do I care whether you have taken his place? Frost-bite, bah! The soldiers of the Fuehrer fear nothing, not even the

elements." The Lieutenant's breath, in the crisp air, emerged like smoke from an angry steam engine. "It is too bad we have to use old men such as you in the New Order. But I will take care of that now!"

Gloved hands darted into his overcoat pocket and came out with a card, which the Lieutenant handed to Schmidt. "Take this pass, and tonight when you are relieved, you are to go to Company X. There, they will teach you something about the way a modern garrison is run."

* * *

Schmidt's shoulders twitched. During the last war he had been given the Iron Cross. And now, after having been pressed into service, and brought to a strange, freezing country, he was to suffer a military indignity. He knew that in Company X, his stripe would be torn off and he would become plain Private Schmidt. He saluted stiffly as the Lieutenant signalled the end of the interview. His blue eyes bored into the officer's back as he strutted away. In the old days, Schmidt told himself, such a pip-squeak would be crushed.

* * *

Life had changed so, since that raving, ranting fool had come into power. This New Order . . . what did it mean? It meant killing, and bloodshed, and avarice, and tyranny and prosecution! Hadn't the last war taught anybody anything?

Corporal Schmidt's anger rose as he looked at the pass in his hand. Then he shrugged. Always he had been a soldier, and even from these criminals who masqueraded as officers, an order was an order. He looked up to see Platz returning.

Platz's ears were red now, instead of blue. The private was about the same age as

Schmidt and he, too, had fought in the old war. He stood now before Schmidt, gratitude in his eyes.

"I cannot thank you enough, old kamerad," he said, "for permitting me to have my ears attended. In this accursed country, I might have left them. It is so bitter cold."

Schmidt smiled and said wryly: "The Lieutenant thinks not. He believes a soldier of the Fuehrer is immune to anything."

Platz's eyes darted around. "Sssh, Corporal," he said. "I think I hear something." His eyes strained into the night. "Yes. Halt!"

* * *

Corporal Schmidt watched the faces of the two Norwegian boys as the sentry questioned them. They were very young, and taciturn and proud, like all these Norwegians. The questions were answered stiffly. They were taking dried fish in their carts to a shop in Karmo. The younger of the two boys reminded Schmidt of one of his own children back home.

The lad stiffened as Schmidt, approaching him, said: "Fish? Haven't they enough in that seaport town?" Schmidt's eyes saw the older boy's warning glance.

For just a fraction of a second, emotion showed on the boy's face; then it resumed its stolidness. Schmidt threw back the covers on the carts and the odor of dried, salted fish assailed his nostrils.

Platz, standing behind him, said: "How can anyone eat such stuff?" Then, suspiciously, he said to the younger boy: "Perhaps you and your brother had better accompany me to the Lieutenant."

The boy started, his ears hearing Platz, but his eyes were on Schmidt, who was rummaging through the fish. Through the corner of his eye, the Corporal saw the movement. So, he told himself, this is not as innocent as it looks! He continued probing through the pile of fish, then, straightening, he

said to Platz: "I can find nothing."

He turned to the older boy. "I should take you to the Lieutenant," he said angrily, "but instead, I will take some of your fish." His eyes watched the boy's.

"Certainly, Herr Corporal," Derek said. "Here." He grasped some large fish. "These are delicious."

Schmidt smiled to himself. Outwardly, he was raging. Platz watched, bewildered Schmidt was usually calm and placid. "Very well," Schmidt bellowed. "Get these carts out of here." He drew a card from his pocket. "This pass will take you through," he said. "Now leave."

* * *

Thanking Schmidt profusely, the older boy returned the covers on the cargo and hastily drew away. The smaller and younger lad followed him. Out of earshot, the smaller boy said: "Derek, it is fortunate that you handed him the big fish." He shivered, not from the cold, and said:

"The enemy can be very cruel if they ever found out what our secret is. . . ."

Derek patted his brother's arm. "We'll get through," he said, "With this pass no one will hold us."

He felt strangely happy and light-hearted, and, looking back, saw the Corporal and the other soldier still watching him. Derek quickened the pace of the dogs, afraid perhaps they would be called back.

But Schmidt had no such intention. He was explaining to Private Platz that the enemy wouldn't be stupid enough to try to smuggle things through with children. "Besides," he said mockingly, "hasn't the New Order the finest spies in the world? They see and know everything."

"But they are still Norwegians," Platz protested. "And this is their country, which we are occupying." He shook his head sadly. "No one can be trusted these days."

Schmidt smiled. He felt the same way about it. That the

boys were concealing something had been known to him. He had no idea what it was, nor did he care. People, he felt, had a right to keep what belonged to them, to fight for it. This country was determined to regain its freedom.

Patting Platz's shoulder, Schmidt said softly:

"You are right, Platz. No one can be trusted. And we Germans know that because our country was stolen from us by the Nazis."

* * *

He was smiling to himself as Platz's gasp came to his ears, but he continued toward the barracks to pack up for his trip to Company X. He wouldn't need his pass, old soldier that he was. His ready tongue would get him through to Company X, stationed by the sea. He recalled now that it was near Karmo, where those lads had said they were going.

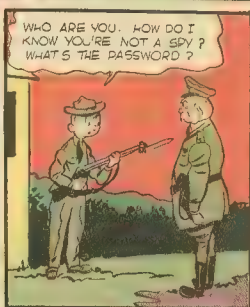
Schmidt threw the fish he had been carrying into the darkness. It smelled awful.

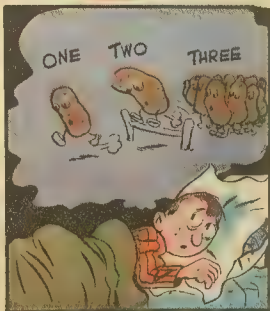
Grinning, he told himself those boys would have to wash their clothing well to eradicate the odor. Sending something in fish! Schmidt shrugged. Well!—let the poor devils strike back best as they could. "Puny efforts," Schmidt muttered, "against these madmen of the New Order."

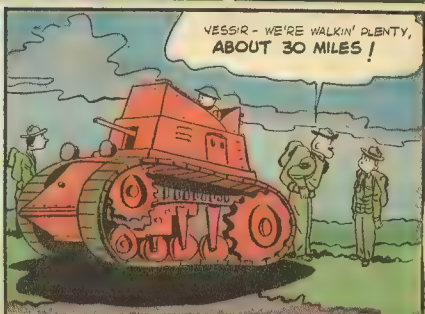
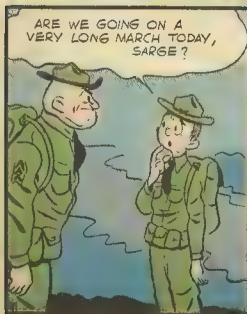
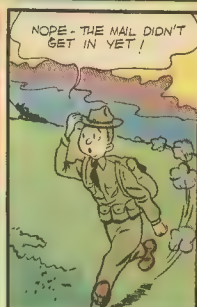
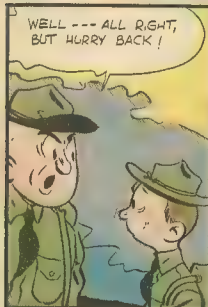
He was wrong. He didn't know that concealed inside the fish was the message which would go to Britain and warn that within a matter of hours, embarkation boats—huge belied and filled with soldiers—would attempt to invade the English coast under cover of night.

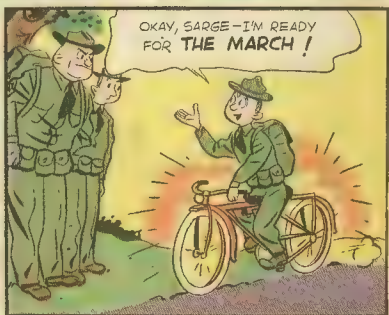
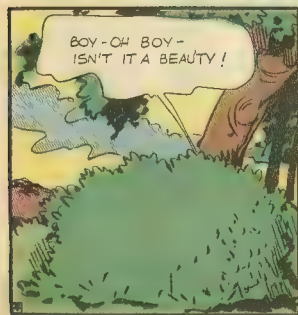
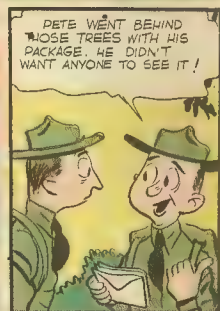
All Schmidt knew, when he finally reached Company X, was that it had been completely wiped out by the Royal Air Force, which, somehow, had learned of the High Command's prideful and closely-guarded invasion plans! Not an embarkation boat nor a soldier was left; all had become food for the fishes!

THE END



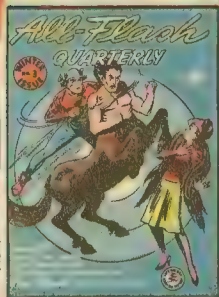








LOOK FOR THIS
TRADEMARK
FOR
THE BEST IN
COMIC MAGAZINES!



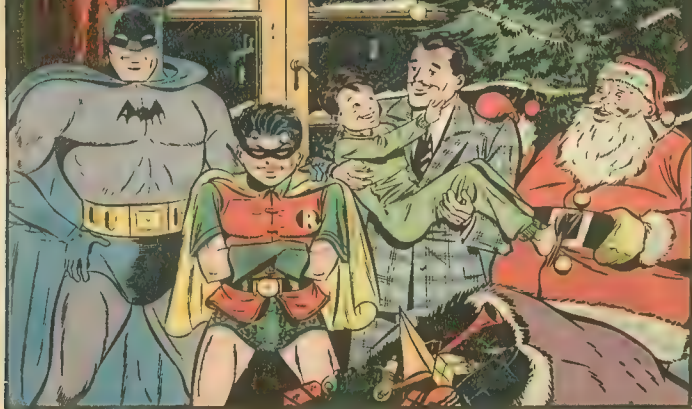
NOW ON SALE

BAT MAN


WITH
ROBIN

Christmas


SEASON OF TURKEY AND PLUM PUDDING--OF SETS AND GOOD WILL--FUN AND GAMES AND LAUGHTER! WE'RE ALL SET FOR A REAL ROLLING OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS OF SNOW AND HOLLY AND SANTA CLAUS--ALL THE TRIMMINGS AND YOU'RE ALL INVITED TO A MERRY Yuletide PARTY WITH THE BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER--WHERE WE'LL TEAM UP WITH THAT JOOLY RED-FACED, WHITE-HAIRED OLD GENT--TO GIVE A LONELY ORPHAN BOY THE MOST WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENT IN THE WORLD--HIS DAD!



THIS DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS, AND A SMOOTH, WHITE SHEET OF SNOW BLANKETS THE ROOFTOPS AND STREETS OF GOTHAM CITY.



HAPPY CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS PUSH THEIR WAY INTO CROWDED DEPARTMENT STORES AMONG THEM ARE BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON.



OOOPS! HEY--WHERE ARE YOU DICK?

HERE I AM!

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU, BROTHER!

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

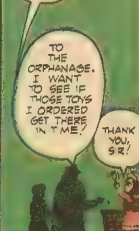
YES--EVERYONE SEEMS TO GO OUT OF HIS WAY TO BRING JOY TO OTHERS!



WHERE DO WE GO NOW?

TO THE ORPHANAGE. I WANT TO SEE IF THOSE TOYS I ORDERED GET THERE IN TIME.

THANK YOU, S.R.!

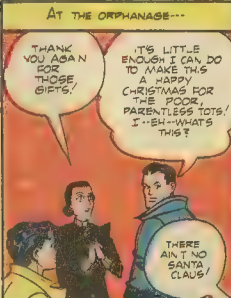


AT THE ORPHANAGE---

THANK YOU AGAIN FOR THOSE GIFTS!


IT'S LITTLE ENOUGH I CAN DO TO MAKE THIS A HAPPY CHRISTMAS FOR THE POOR, PARENTLESS TOTS! I--EH--WHAT'S THIS?

THERE AIN'T NO SANTA CLAUS!



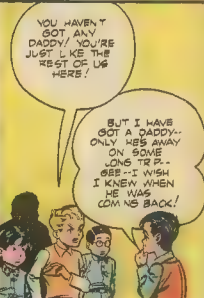
YOU HEARD ME--THERE AIN'T NO SANTA CLAUS!

BUT THERE IS, TOO! YOU WRITE HIM A LETTER AND HE BRINGS YOU ANYTHING YOU ASK FOR! MY DADDY TOLD ME SO!



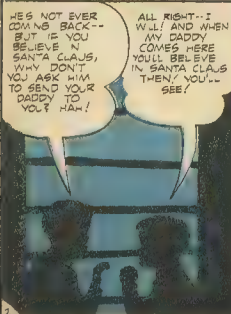
YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANY DADDY! YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE REST OF US HERE!

BUT I HAVE GOT A DADDY-- ONLY HE'S AWAY ON SOME LONG TRIP-- SEE--I WISH I KNEW WHEN HE WAS COMING BACK!



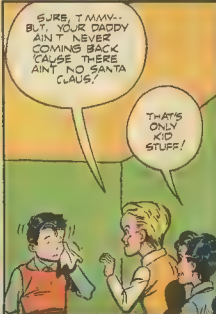
HE'S NOT EVER COMING BACK-- BUT IF YOU BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS, WHY DON'T YOU ASK HIM TO SEND YOUR DADDY TO YOU? HAH!

ALL RIGHT--I WILL! AND WHEN MY DADDY COMES HERE YOU'LL BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS THEN! YOU'LL SEE!



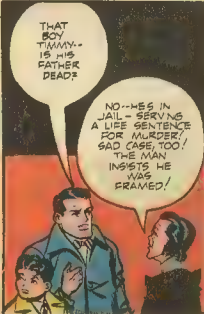
SURE, TIMMY-- BUT, YOUR DADDY AIN'T NEVER COMING BACK 'CAUSE THERE AIN'T NO SANTA CLAUS.

THAT'S ONLY KID STUFF!



THAT BOY TIMMY-- IS HIS FATHER DEAD?

NO--HE'S IN JAIL-- SERVING A LIFE SENTENCE FOR MURDER! SAD CASE, TOO! THE MAN INSISTS HE WAS FRAMED!



LATER-- JUST AS BRUCE AND DICK ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE--



THE LETTER--

Dear Santa Claus,

I don't want any toys. all I want is for you to bring my daddy back to me. The other kids say you are not real. But I believe in you. 'Cuz they will for when they see me with my daddy again--

Yours truly,
Jim Cratchit

POOR KID! HE'LL BE PRETTY SAD TO FIND THAT SANTA GNT BRINGING BACK HIS FATHER!

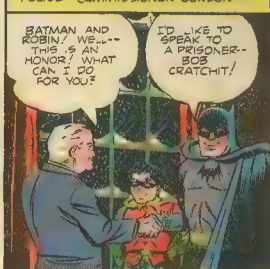
WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO LET THAT HAPPEN! C'MON, DICK. THE BATMAN'S GOING TO PLAY SANTA CLAUS!



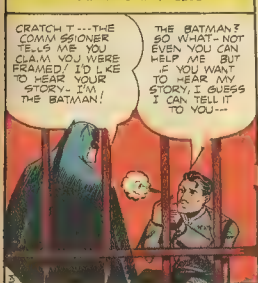
LATER--



STILL LATER-- THE OFFICE OF POLICE COMMISSIONER GORDON--



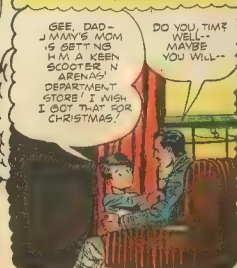
IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE BATMAN FINDS HIMSELF STANDING IN A CELL----



IT STARTS A YEAR AGO-- THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS. FUNNY THING--THAT'S TODAY! T.M.M.V-- I WONDER HOW HE'S--BUT MY STORY-- WE--



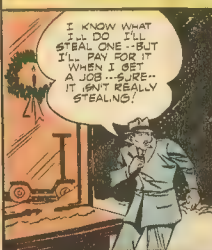
"LIKE I SAID--IT WAS CHRISTMAS-- AND MY LITTLE BOY TIMMY--"



"THE KID HAD HIS HEART SET ON THAT SCOOTER-- BUT I WAS FLAT BROKE!"



"THERE IT WAS-- THAT SCOOTER-- ALL SHINY AND NEW! I GUESS I LOST MY HEAD FOR A MINUTE I HAD TO HAVE IT FOR TMMY."



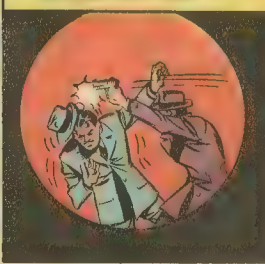
"SURE-- I KNEW IT WAS WRONG-- BUT ALL I COULD SEE WAS TMMY'S FACE! TRUST NO IN ME-- I'S DAD! SO-- I SNEAKED TO THE BACK--"



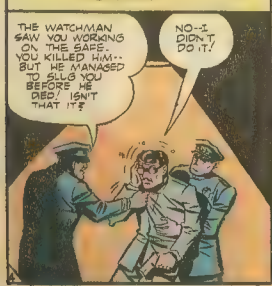
"I RAN INSIDE!"



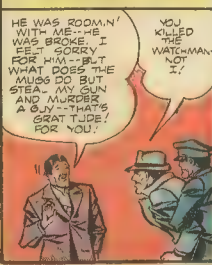
"WITHOUT A WORD, THE KILLER SPRANG FORWARD AND BROUGHT THE GUN DOWN ON MY HEAD!"



"WHEN I AWOKE, IT WAS LIKE A NIGHTMARE!"

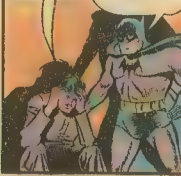


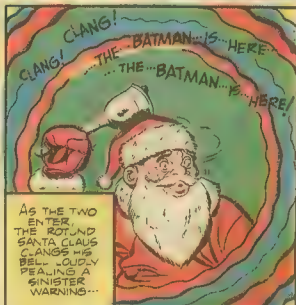
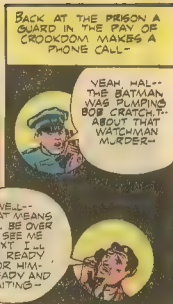
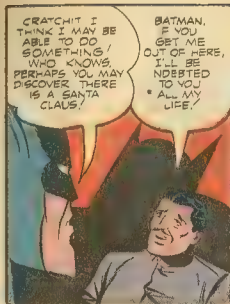
"I TOLD THEM MY STORY AND THEY TRACED THE GUN TO A PETTY THIEF NAMED HAL PINK!"

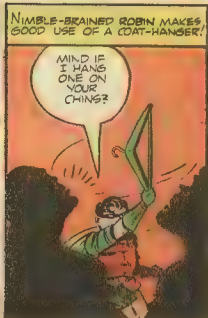
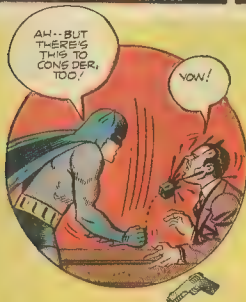
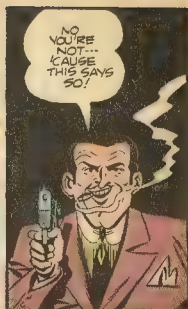
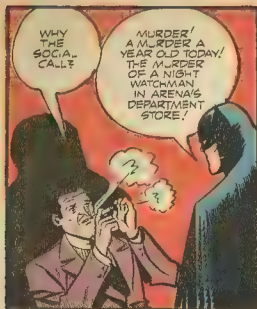


YOU CAN GUESS THE REST. THE JURY GAVE ME A --FE SENTENCE! BUT I DIDN'T DO IT, I SWEAR IT!

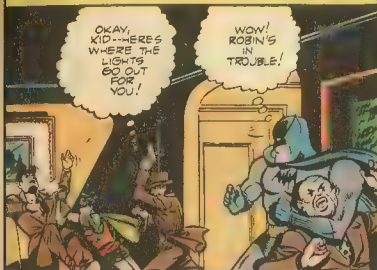
I BELIEVE YOU! HAL PINK CERTAINLY THOUGHT FAST-- DIDN'T HE? COVERED HIMSELF UP VERY NEATLY!



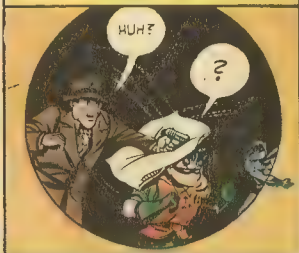




BUT DANGER SWOOPS DOWN ON THE VALIANT BATTLER!



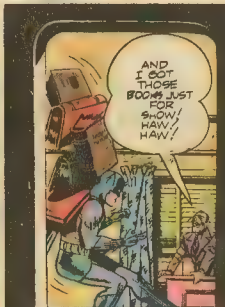
A SWIFT, ACCURATE THROW, AND THE GUN SINKS HARMLESSLY INTO A SOFT PILLOW!



BUT HIS TIMELY INTERVENTION ON ROBIN'S BEHALF LEAVES THE BATMAN OFF GUARD---



AND I GOT THOSE BOOMS JUST FOR SHOW! HAW! HAW!



AND A MOMENT LATER PLUCKY ROBIN GOES DOWN!

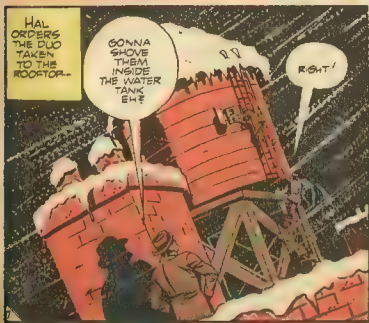
HA--DO THE COPPERS KNOW THESE BIRDS CAME HERE?
YEAH--AN' THAT MEANS I GOTTA TAKE IT ON THE LAM! MEANWHILE I GOTTA PUT THESE GUYS OUTTA CIRCULATION!



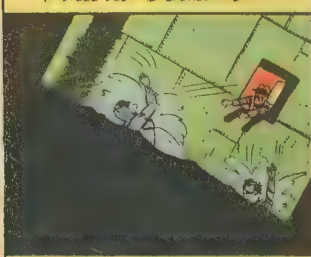
HAL ORDERS THE DUO TAKEN TO THE ROOFTOP--

GONNA SHOVE THEM INSIDE THE WATER TANK EH?

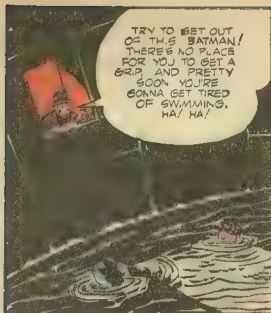
RIGHT!



A STEEL DOOR IS OPENED AND--



--ICY WATER SHOCKS BATMAN AND ROBIN INTO A HORRIBLE AWAKENING--



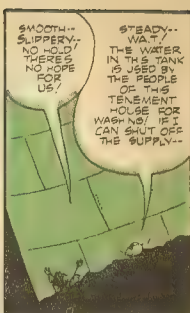
TRY TO GET OUT
OF THIS BATMAN!
THERE'S NO PLACE
FOR YOU TO GET A
B.R.D. AND PRETTY
SOON YOU'RE
GONNA GET TIRED
OF SWIMMING.
HA! HA!



THE STEEL DOOR CLANGS SHUT!
AND NOW INSIDE ALL IS DARK--
AS DARK AS A WATERY TOMB!

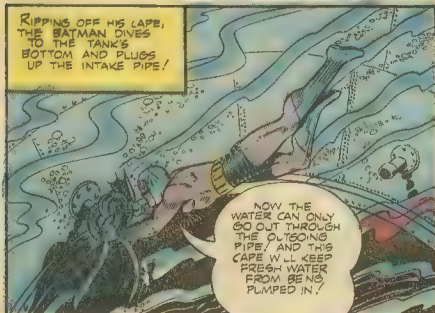
KEEP TREADING,
WATER ROBIN!
KEEP
SWIMMING!

WE CAN'T
KEEP THIS
UP FOREVER!
WE'LL DROWN
LIKE
RATS!



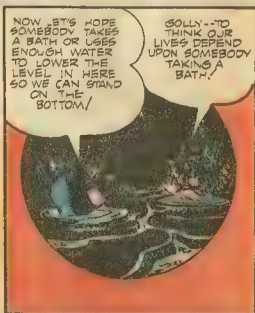
SMOOTH--
SLIPPERY--
NO-OLD!
THERE'S
NO HOPE
FOR
US!

STEADY--
WAT!
THE WATER
IN THIS TANK
IS USED BY
THE PEOPLE
OF THIS
TENEMENT
HOUSE FOR
WASHING! IF I
CAN SHUT OFF
THE SUPPLY--



RIPPING OFF HIS CAPE,
THE BATMAN DIVES
TO THE TANK'S
BOTTOM AND PLUGS
UP THE INTAKE PIPE!

NOW THE
WATER CAN ONLY
GO OUT THROUGH
THE OUTGOING
PIPE! AND THIS
CAPE'LL KEEP
FRESH WATER
FROM BEING
PUMPED IN!



NOW LET'S HOPE
SOMEBODY TAKES
A BATH OR USES
ENOUGH WATER
TO LOWER THE
LEVEL IN HERE
SO WE CAN STAND
ON THE
BOTTOM!

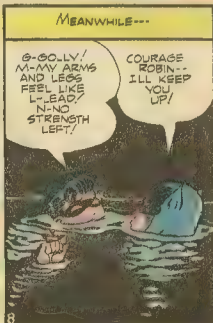
GOLLY--TO
THINK OUR
LIVES DEPEND
UPON SOMEBODY
TAKING A
BATH!



AND WHILE THE BATMAN AND ROBIN
TRY TO KEEP ABOVE WATER--DOWN
BELOW--

WHAT
NOW,
HAL?

AS SOON AS
I GET THIS
BLASTED INK
OFF ME, WE'LL
PULL ONE LAST
JOB IN THIS
BURG AND
SCRAM T'LL
THE HEAT'S
OFF!



MEANWHILE---

G-SO-LY!
M-MY ARMS
AND LEGS
FEEL LIKE
L-LEAD,
N-NO
STRENGTH
LEFT!

COURAGE
ROBIN--
I'LL KEEP
YOU
UP!



NO--NO--
SAVE
YOUR-
SELF!

ROBIN, MY
FEET ARE
TOUCHING
BOTTOM--THE
WATER IS
GOING DOWN--
WE'RE
SAFE!

UNWITTINGLY, IN HIS HASTE
HAL FINK HAS LEFT THE WATER
RUNNING, PROVIDING AN ESCAPE
FOR THE BATMAN AND ROBIN--

AND SO, NOT LONG AFTER--

G-BOLLY!
THAT LIGHT
LOOKS
GOOD
TO ME!

AS SOON
AS WE'RE
OUT OF
HERE, WE'LL
RACE HOME
AND CHANGE
TO DRY
COSTUMES!

SOMETIME LATER---AS BATMAN
AND ROBIN DART PAST A WHARF
ON THEIR WAY TO COMMISSIONER
GORDON--

SAY, ISN'T
THAT THE
SAME SANTA
WE SAW IN
FRONT OF
HAL'S
PLACE?

HMM--
THAT'S
ODD!
LOOK!
HE'S
EYES
US!

AT THE SIGNAL, HAL AND HIS
BANDITS PILE OUT OF THE WARE-
HOUSE---TO BE MET BY--

LOOK
AT HIM--
HE'S JINGLING
THAT BELL
LIKE A
MANIAC!

NOW I
GET IT!
THAT'S A
SIGNAL! HE'S
A LOOK-OUT,
C'MON!

---THE BATMAN IS
HERE!

LET'S
GET-
TUSH!

NOW'S
THE TIME,
ROBIN!

YIPPEE,
LEMMIE
AT 'EM!

NOTHING
LIKE A
GOOD
SNOWBALL
FIGHT.
EH?

AND HOW!
WOW!
I GOT
ANOTHER
ONE.
BULL'S-
EYE!

THE CRACAS IS OVER IN SECONDS---



OKAY PAL-- AND NOW YOU'RE IN FOR SOME QUESTIONING DOWN AT HEADQUARTERS!

HEADQUARTERS. AFTER ONE HOUR--

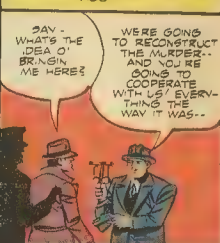


WE KNOW YOU MURDERED THAT WATCHMAN-- ENH--

LISTEN-- BZZ-- BZZ--

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT. YOU CAN'T PIN ANYTHING ON ME!

LATER-- HAL FINDS HIMSELF IN THE MURDER ROOM IN THE DEPARTMENT STORE ABOUT TO RE-ENACT HIS CRIME OF ONE YEAR AGO---



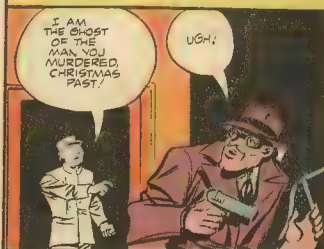
SAY-- WHAT'S THE IDEA O' BRINGIN ME HERE?

WE'RE GOING TO RECONSTRUCT THE MURDER-- AND YOU'RE GOING TO COOPERATE WITH US! EVERYTHING THE WAY IT WAS--

SOSS-ES--ACETY-ENE TORCH--AND THE MURDER GUN EVEN HAS BULLETS IN IT-- NOW, ACCORDING TO CRATCH'S STORY YOU WERE STANDING HERE WHEN--



SUDDENLY, THE CLOCK'S HOLLOW NOTES INTONE THE HOUR. TWELVE O'CLOCK. MIDNIGHT! AND THEN-- IN MARCHES A SPECTRAL FIGURE WITH WHITE FACE AND DEATH-COLD EYES!



I AM THE GHOST OF THE MAN YOU MURDERED, CHRISTMAS PAST!

UGH!

WHAT SORTA STUNT ARE YOU GUYS TRYIN' TO PULL THAT GUN OVER THERE--

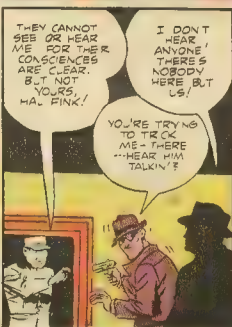
WHO ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? THERE'S NO ONE OVER THERE! WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST!



THEY CANNOT SEE OR HEAR ME FOR THEIR CONSCIENCES ARE CLEAR. BUT NOT YOURS, HAL. FINK!

I DON'T HEAR ANYONE! THERE'S NOBODY HERE BUT US!

YOU'RE TRYING TO TRICK ME-- THERE --HEAR HIM TALKIN'?



ONCE MORE THE HOLLOW VOICE MOANS, CHILLING HAL'S BLOOD--

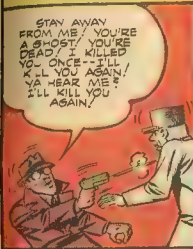
IT IS TIME, HAL PINK. COME. THE HOUR GROWS SHORT AND WE HAVE A LONG WAY TO GO.

NO--NO-- DON'T TOUCH ME, STAY AWAY FROM ME--



PANIC CLAMPS ICY FINGERS ABOUT THE CRIMINAL'S HEART-- AND THEN SOMETHING SNAPS IN HIS BRAIN!

STAY AWAY FROM ME! YOU'RE A GHOST! YOU'RE DEAD! I KILLED YOU ONCE--I'LL KILL YOU AGAIN! YA HEAR ME? I'LL KILL YOU AGAIN!



OKAY, HAL-- THAT'S ALL WE WANTED TO KNOW!

HUH? WHAT?



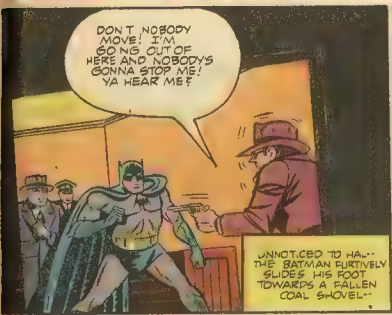
SURPRISED HE DON'T BE-- JUST BLANKS! AND MAKEUP! AS SIMPLE AS ALL THAT. YOUR CONSCIENCE DID THE REST!

OH, YEAH? GIMME THAT!



DON'T NOBODY MOVE! I'M GONG OUT OF HERE AND NOBODYS GONNA STOP ME! YA HEAR ME?

UNNOTICED TO HAL-- THE BATMAN FURTIVELY SLIDES HIS FOOT TOWARDS A FALLEN COAL SHOVEL--



...AND.



MY CHRISTMAS GIFT TO YOU, HAL!



THE NEXT MORNING-- CHRISTMAS DAY!

BIG DAY TODAY, EH?

YOU SAID IT!

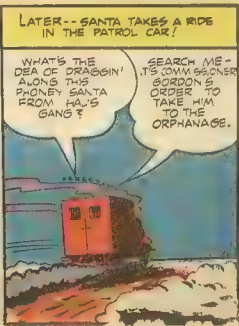
OH, HELLO -- IS THAT YOU, GORDON? WELL, LISTEN-- BZZ-- BZZZ--



LATER-- SANTA TAKES A RIDE IN THE PATROL CAR!

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF DRAGGIN' ALONG THIS PHONEY SANTA FROM HAL'S GANG?

SEARCH ME-- IT'S COMMON SENSE GORDON. I ORDER TO TAKE HIM TO THE ORPHANAGE.



---AND AT THE ORPHANAGE---

NOW, LISTEN--YOU'RE GOING INSIDE AND PLAY SANTA CLAUS FOR THOSE POOR KIDS. I WANT YOU TO LAUGH, BE HAPPY, JOVIAL, EXUDE THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT--OR ELSE I GET ME!

S-SURE--I WILL BE A VERY FINE SANTA CLAUS INDEED!

INSIDE, TIM'S SHINING EYES HOPE FOR THE MIRACLE---

WELL--DID SANTA CLAUS BRING YOUR POP? THERE AIN'T NO SANTA CLAUS!

B-BUT THERE IS, TOO! THERE'S GOTTA BE A SANTA CLAUS!

SANTA CLAUS! HA! HA! KID STUFF!

SUDDENLY--

TIMMY! MY BOY!

DADDY! GOLLY--YOU'VE COME BACK--

HO! HO! MERRY CHRISTMAS! HO! HO!

SANTA CLAUS!

ER-- I-- I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!

LEST WE BECOME TOO ENVOUS, LET US DRAW A CURTAIN OVER THE GAY PARTY BUT OPEN IT LATER FOR ONE LAST PEEK--

A MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!

AND GOD BLESS US, EVERY ONE!

LATER--IT IS A DIFFERENT SANTA CLAUS WHO LEAVES THE PARTY--

CHEE--THEM KIDS HAS GOT RIGHT INTO MY HEART! ALL OF THEM LOOKING RIGHT UP AT ME AND THINKING I'M A SWEET GUY. CHEE! WHEN I GET OUT, I'M GONNA GO STRAIGHT!

I HOPE YOU MEAN T. I SPOKE TO COMMISSIONER GORDON AND PERSUADED HIM TO LET YOU GO FREE ON PAROLE!

CHEE-- IM BEGINNING TO THINK THERE MAYBE S A SANTA CLAUS AFTER ALL!

YOU LOOK DOWN IN THE DUMPS! WHAT'S WRONG?

NOTHING I GUESS--EXCEPT THAT I WISH I WAS LIKE THOSE OTHER KIDS--AND HAD A REAL CHRISTMAS PARTY AN-- YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN--





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CHAMPION, THINKS OF
ME! ISN'T THAT NICE?

October 10, 1941

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Sincerely yours,

Jack
JACK DEMPSEY



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